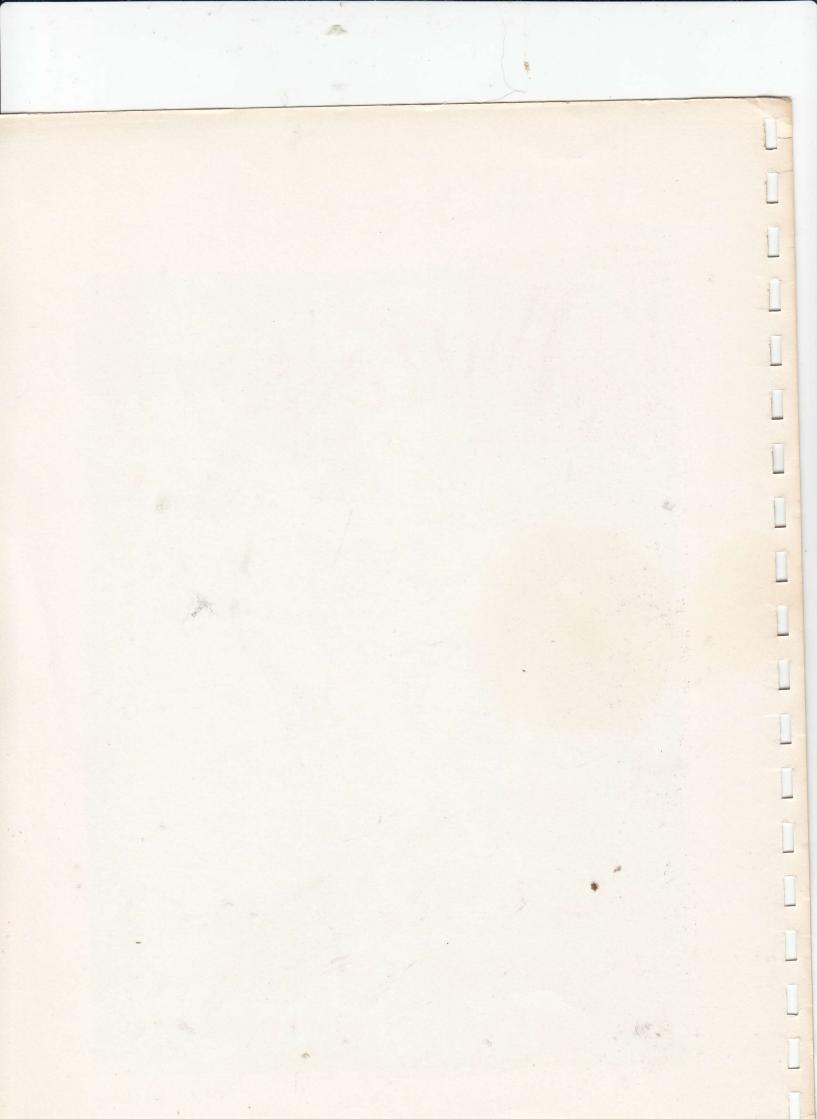
# Allegory 1993



Emily Farke





Produced and created by the campers of Buck's Rock

Summer 1993

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tia.



Photo by Karyn Lyman

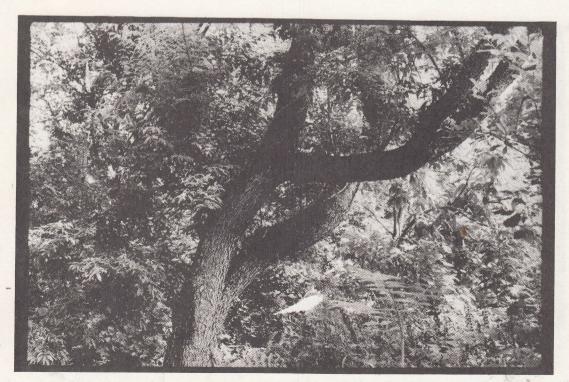


Photo by Olivier Wolf

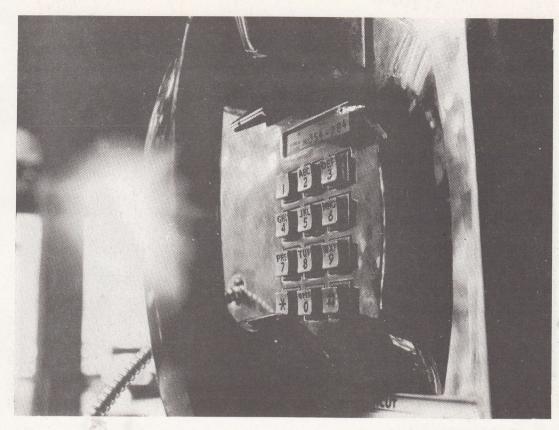


Photo by Karyn Lyman



Photo by Stefan Bondell

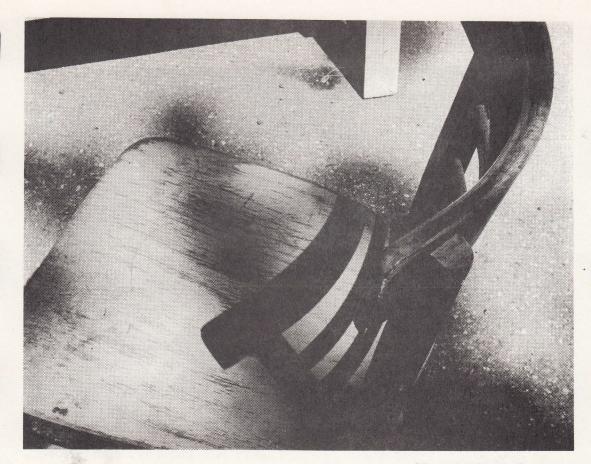


Photo by Karyn Lyman



Photo by Emily Lerner



Photo by Stefan Bondell

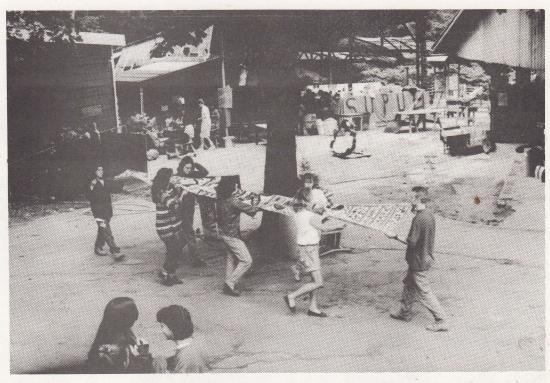


Photo by Jill Baron

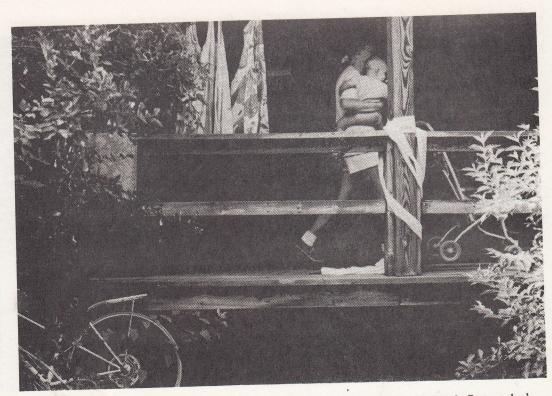


Photo by Rob Saranchak



Photo by Leo Ferguson

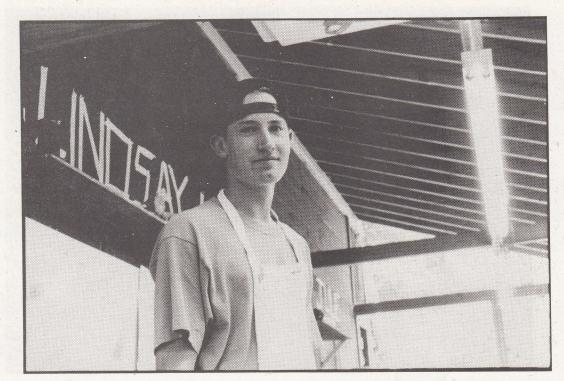
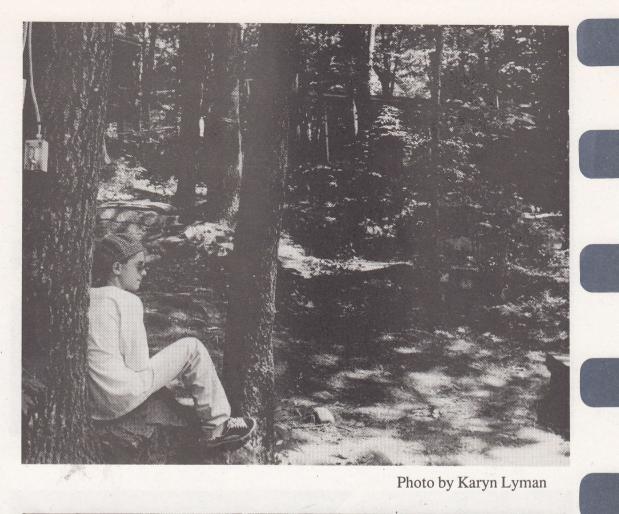
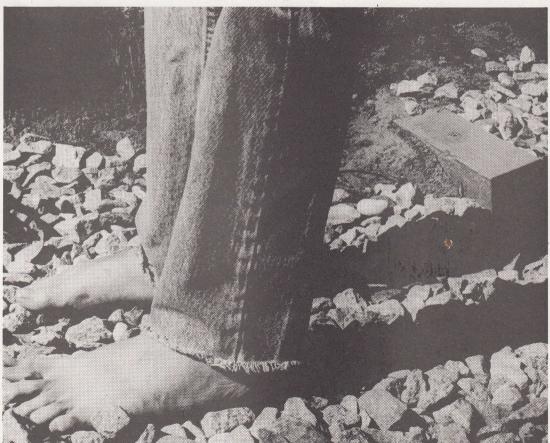


Photo by Sarah Tesser



Photo by Daniel Powell





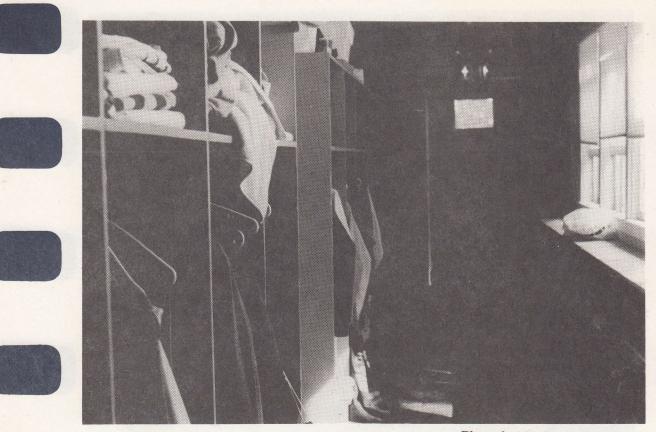


Photo by Andrew Merelis



Photo by Karyn I yman

Camp Life

Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. Walter Pater

## The End... or The Beginning



Once upon a time there was a place that wasn't heaven, but almost. You might not think so to look at it. At first glance it was just a collection of buildings, grafitti, and trees. But when you got there, you began to melt in.

You began to have friends and make things that weren't always beautiful or useful, but you did have fun making them— and you could always make more. You started to

take part in the many crazy activities that infiltrated this wonderful place.

As time went by, you joined the chorus, or dance class, or auditioned for a play, or became a clown, or... anyway, whatever you did, there was no pressure and it was sure to be fun eventually. You even picked up a few inside jokes. "Show me!" you said. "Show me more!" And the counselors, true to their wonderful and usually patient selves, did.

And maybe there were rough spots, days when your pots collapsed and your solder broke and your friends deserted you. But because of the caring and supportive environment, you weathered them. You got through them. And this place began to seem, afterward, even more like heaven.

There was so much to do. There was so much to <u>be</u>. There still is.

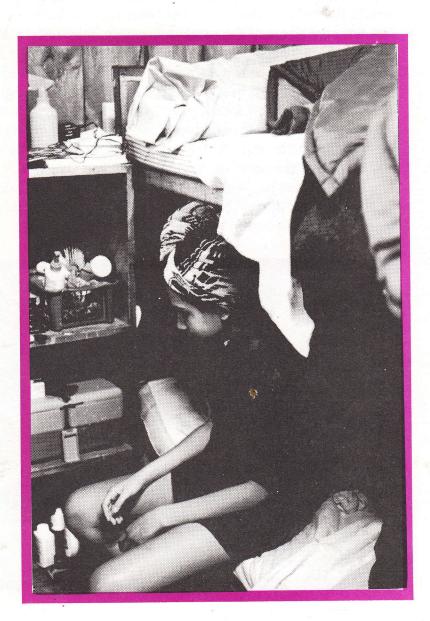
Can you guess what I'm talking about? Have you been there?

Of course you have. And you'll come back. You won't be able to help yourself. Once you've been to this wonderful place, Buck's Rock, you're a part of it. And it's a part of you.

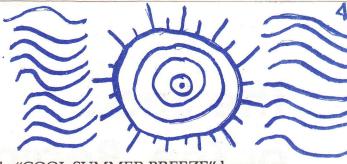
You'll see.

The End...
or the beginning

Kate Schapira



## Cool Summer Breeze



I have never had the urge to write the words "COOL SUMMER BREEZE" because they are oxymoronic. But today I feel one. As a write this I feel the physical personification of what my three and a half weeks at Buck's Rock have been.

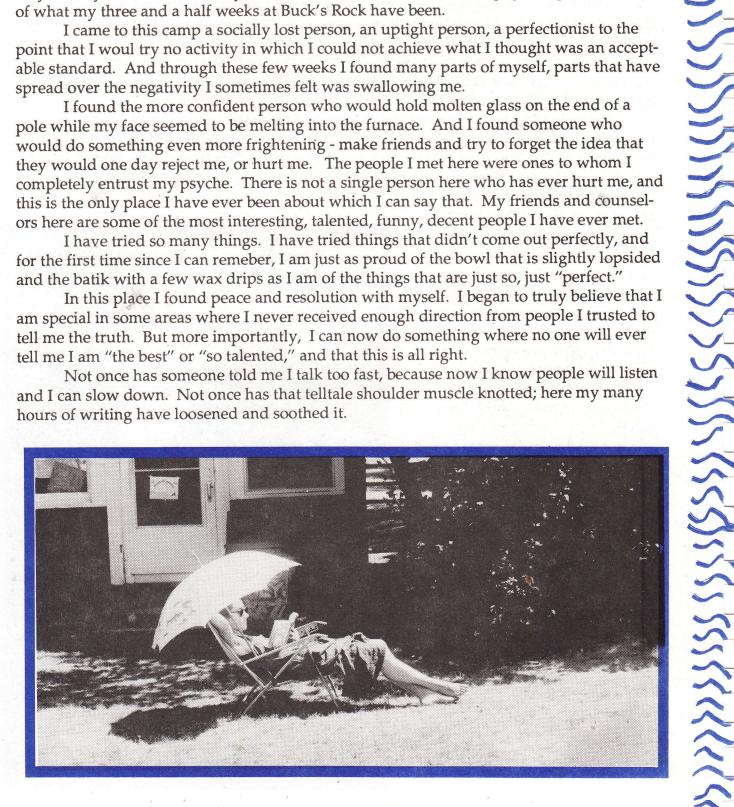
I came to this camp a socially lost person, an uptight person, a perfectionist to the point that I woul try no activity in which I could not achieve what I thought was an acceptable standard. And through these few weeks I found many parts of myself, parts that have spread over the negativity I sometimes felt was swallowing me.

I found the more confident person who would hold molten glass on the end of a pole while my face seemed to be melting into the furnace. And I found someone who would do something even more frightening - make friends and try to forget the idea that they would one day reject me, or hurt me. The people I met here were ones to whom I completely entrust my psyche. There is not a single person here who has ever hurt me, and this is the only place I have ever been about which I can say that. My friends and counselors here are some of the most interesting, talented, funny, decent people I have ever met.

I have tried so many things. I have tried things that didn't come out perfectly, and for the first time since I can remeber, I am just as proud of the bowl that is slightly lopsided and the batik with a few wax drips as I am of the things that are just so, just "perfect."

In this place I found peace and resolution with myself. I began to truly believe that I am special in some areas where I never received enough direction from people I trusted to tell me the truth. But more importantly, I can now do something where no one will ever tell me I am "the best" or "so talented," and that this is all right.

Not once has someone told me I talk too fast, because now I know people will listen and I can slow down. Not once has that telltale shoulder muscle knotted; here my many hours of writing have loosened and soothed it.

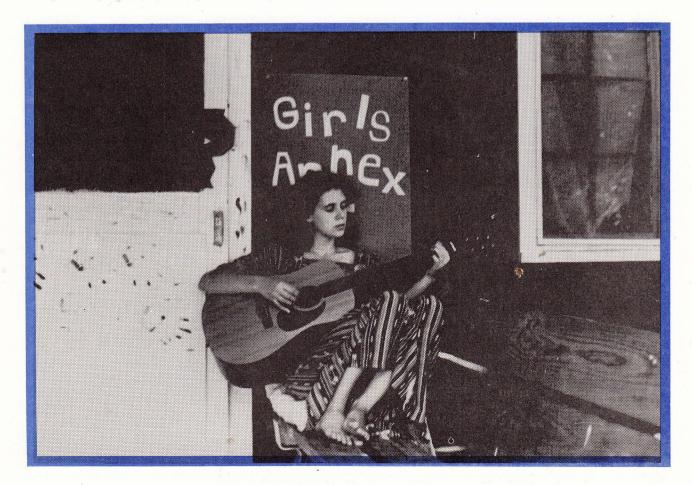


If people have a point at which they "find themselves," when they watch the pieces

If people have a point at which they "find themselves," when they watch the pieces of their lives come together to form a person they want to keep as their own, this first summer at Buck's Rock has been mine. I found small pieces of myself everywhere, and nowhere but inside myself where they've always been. In the people I treasure, counselors and campers alike, I found a lot of me. The counselors here have given me a confidence and joy so far beyond anything anyone has ever instilled in me before. The campers have given me friendship and acceptance, and hope that people as intelligent, caring and wonderful as they are really do exist.

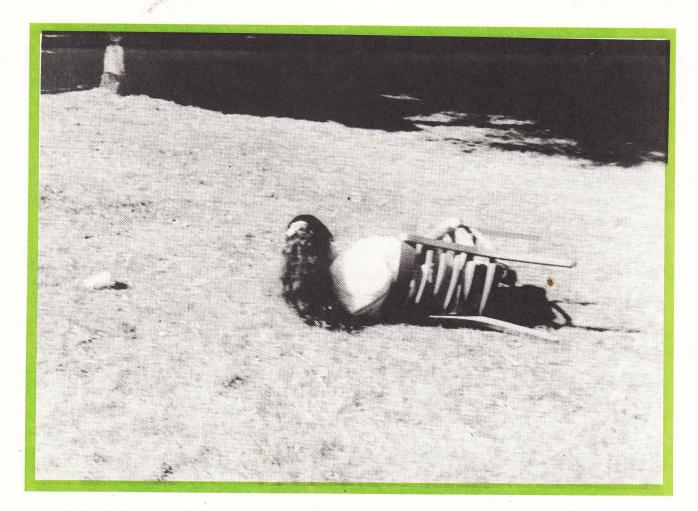
I found some of me in the stories and articles I wrote, some parts of me I'd been wanting to let out that emerged in the characters I shaped with the best writing guidance I've ever had in my life. I found a lot of pride and fulfillment in my writing this summer. I have a new love for it. I found some of me in the chemical trays in Photo, from which I occasionally pulled an image I've always been looking for. I found some of me in the soft, deceiving clay I'm learning to mold and shape—when it collapses it just gets reshaped again.

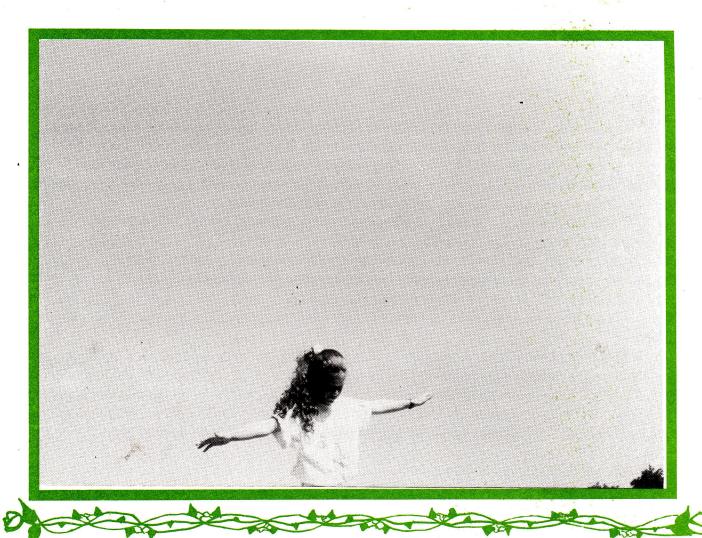
This summer I found Emily Meg Weinstein. I like her a lot. Thank you, Buck's Rock, for the cool summer breeze that will always blow over me. Thank you for helping me give myself the best gift I ever got.



# Buck's Rock and the Meaning of Life

If you have read the infamous Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (and I think that most of you have) you will immediately know that the answer to the Universal Question is, of course, forty-two. If you are Jewish, you will know that any evil in the universe can be cured by a healthy dose of chicken soup and guilt. Or, of course, if you are Al Gore, you may be able to get through life following only the maxim "Limiting yourself to one facial expression a day will render you invisible and therefore make you invulnerable." The title of this yearbook is "Allegory". Webster's says that an allegory is "a story or fable, placed in a small setting, with a moral that pertains to a much larger community." Case in point: we are a small community, an infinitely small speck of dust on an infinitely small speck of dust. And yet I have heard people say that every day here has been another lesson in "Preparing for Life 102" (101 was, of course, toilet training). The lessons we learn are (stay with me now, I swear I'm not trying to sound like your mother): Keep Your Character; Nonconformity Can Be Fun; Yes You Are Still A Worthwhile Person If You Guzzle Three Hershey Bars A Night (hey, YOU'RE having fun, right?); Never Borrow Someone Else's Swiftly Diminishing Bottle Of Shampoo Without Asking Or The Consequences Will Be Dire; and, above all, Carrying Around A Large Pizza Will Guarantee You





Instant Friends.

This is my third and last year at Buck's Rock, and I can quite truthfully say that I have never been happier anywhere else. Does that prepare me for the outside world? Sure. It teaches perspective. Religion hath no comfort like lying out on the lawn at night and staring at the stars until your head whirls. Crime offers no thrill comparable to that of getting past the most suspicious lunch line monitor. And no music written by the most spiritually connected composer will ever out-do the sound of the audience's thunderous applause as you come back for a curtain call.

You have probably heard people refer to everywhere outside Buck's Rock as "the real world." Bull. Granted, in other places they have real showers, and real food, and real windows.... and... Ok, so they do have SOME real stuff, but the essentials of life (you know, kindness, love, all that nice stuff) are here. So I say that this IS the real world - a smaller, gentler, version at least - an allegory of the real world, if you prefer. And everyone who goes to Buck's Rock knows that the meanings of life are the following:

Don't mind the people who think you're weird, they're just jealous of your creative nature; Have endless fun and the consequences be damned; and, of course...Ernst Bulova is amazing!!

Liz Schier

## First Year Camper

Wow! That's what I was thinking on my first day at camp; so many things I want to do and maybe not enough time. I was overwhelmed, confused, and excited. I'd never experienced anything like this before. There were so many shops, I didn't know where to go first. How in the heck would I be able to remember everybody's name after everyone took off their name tags - 600 people in the camp including staff!

I was still worried about making friends, coming from Chicago and not knowing a single person. What if they were all New York Knicks fans? Help!!! What if they were all from some planet and the only thing that they could talk about is nuclear science? What if the video tape about Buck's Rock was a lie and everybody was really psycho?!

It turned out that everything I had been told about Buck's Rock was true. At Buck's Rock we can all be right-fielders in our own way. I've made friendships that I'll never forget.

Taking risks is the most important thing that you can ever do at Buck's Rock. It has a lot to do with having a good time. I've learned that trying new things will get you places in life that sticking to the same thing every day never would. If Snow White hadn't tasted the apple, the prince never would have kissed her, and there wouldn't have been a happy ending. Oh, and I did finally find a couple of Chicago Bulls/Michael Jordan fans!

Meredith Mandel



## A Message from Ernst

Yearbook! Book of the year 1993. Your Book.

Leafing through past Buck's Rock publications, I came upon a magazine that the campers, your predecessors brought out in 1953. I was moved by an article that Naomi Adelman, then fourteen years old, wrote in an issue they called *Midsummer Thoughts*. She called it "Questions". Here it is:

How deep is space? How long eternity? Infinity? Forever? Why life? What difference does it make, what sense, what reason to live only to die?

Who can tell me? How will I know? Will I ever? If I never know, who will? If no one, why the struggle to succeed, to do better, to improve? In the end, all is gone and no one will know.

Does man live for a purpose? Is he an accident? Did he just come to life? How will he go? I want to know. I want to believe I know. I want to believe. In God.

In man. In space. I want to believe.

If God is not disproved, if people all have their gods, why should other things be disproved? Why no elves and fairy kingdoms, what is heaven, if not a fairy kingdom? Why don't I believe? Will I pay for my disbelief? Is it fair for me to pay?

Do I mean something? Does the girl sitting next to me? Will my child? Who does? Show me. Please tell me. Let me know, now or later, but let me know. I want to believe. I want to KNOW.

Naomi, you must be now over 50 years old. I lost track of you. I don't know what you are doing, what became of you, where you live, I don't even know if you are still alive. I trust you are, but I don't know. I probably shall never know. That is something that happens to everybody, not only to me. We meet people. We like them or we love them or we are indifferent to them, we even dislike them. But we may lose them. However, I remember you, Naomi. I liked you. I admired the working of your young mind, your feeling for others. But I lost you as I have lost so many people I have met in my long life. I can remember quite a few of them but some I have forgotten, they don't any longer exist for me, they have disappeared, they are no longer part of me. That is the fate I share with every living man or woman.

But I can quote the questions you asked. These are questions that we still ask ourselves if we take time out to think, to contemplate our existence. But, Naomi, I had no answer for you then and I would have no answer for you now. But I hope and I trust that you have found your answer. Everybody finds his or her answer sooner or later even if they have never asked themselves your questions. But they, maybe in a different way, in a very different way, though probably never quite free of doubt, have found their answers.

You, who read this book, have begun to find your own answers. You added new answers this summer to those you have found so far. You did it by what you chose to do or what not to do and what to make out of your summer. You did it by the choices you made.

Nobody told you exactly what to do. We tried to help you doing it but it remained your choice. And because it was your choice what to do or what not to do, the resulting achievements, whether visible or tangible or not were really yours.

And, Naomi, that is what we all try to do here in order to answer your questions. Since your questions seem to be, at first, unanswerable, we pit against them our work, our achievements, our discoveries, our thoughts and feelings. We did it at our performances in the theatre, through music, in the dance, in our writing this book, our caring for our animals, by everything we have created this summer. In our exhibitions we learned to see a bit more clearly what we were looking at. Oh, we did so much in a few short weeks! The young people here this summer have used what your contemporaries, those who preceded and those who followed you have created at Buck's Rock in the same spirit as you and they did.

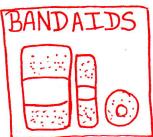
Naomi, I read the questions you had asked to the staff at the end of last summer, to the staff who were teachers and counselors and friends. They were moved but they realized they would not have been able to answer had they been here forty years ago. You might have thought that they had failed you. They may have put your questions to themselves. And they may have thought that they failed to answer them. Everybody, whether he or she knows it or not, puts your questions to themselves. And they often think that they have failed to answer them.

But, Naomi, they forty years ago, would not have failed you as they now don't fail themselves, as nobody does fail himself or herself. "How so?" you would ask me. People have tried to answer your questions since the beginning of recorded time. They always wondered whether they had found the answers or whether they had failed.

Naomi, they do not now, they did not in the past, they will not in the future fail. They do not because, Naomi, the attempt to answer your questions precludes failure. Whether the answers were right or wrong there was no failure. Although there be no right or wrong, the attempt to ask and answer your questions is to succeed.

And though you and they may not have been fully satisfied with the answers, having asked your questions, Naomi, is the answer.

Ernst Bulova



## **DISPENSARY**



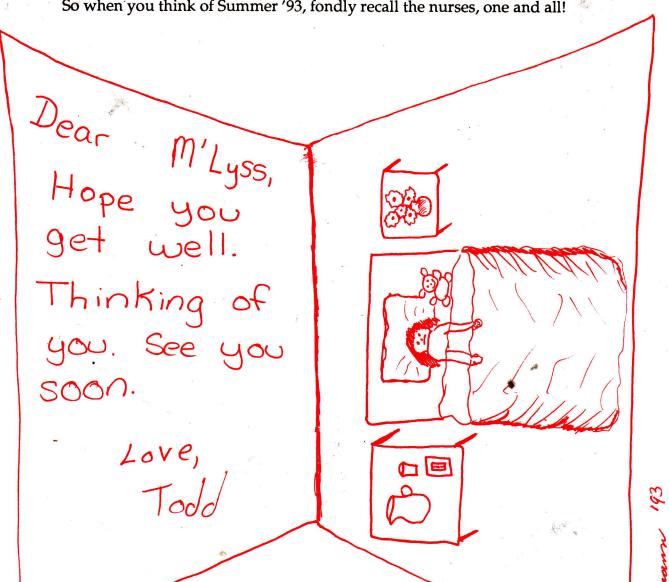
When you're feeling down and out, or maimed in body or in soul - head for the little white building with the porch. There resides five dedicated, overworked, and underpaid professionals dispensing band-aids, pills, hugs, and advice.

The morning starts with the "bad joke of the day" from Dr. Burton, and progresses to long queues past the porch up to the animal farm, waiting to enter, "one at a time, please", for meds.

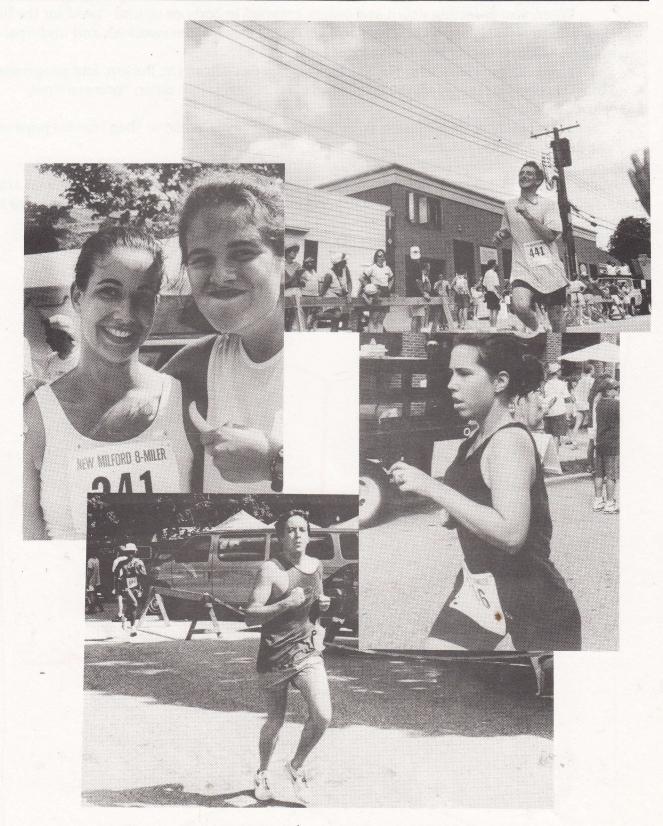
After lunch all the campers, with "puppy dog" eyes, come to "beg" for ice pops and fight the bees for the gatorade.

The nurses wage their war on plagues from bee stings to mosquito bites with bactine, benadryl, ice, and motherly love, only pausing for baseball beatings, broken arms, and last minute panics to patch up wounded thespians. Also, thanks to Josh Leitner for his able help.

So when you think of Summer '93, fondly recall the nurses, one and all!



## The New Milford 8



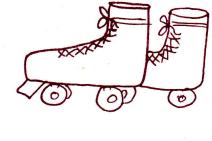
CRAZY LEGS JACKSON SAYS "8 15 ENDUGH"!!!!

## **Evening Activities**

At around 8:00 P.M. every evening, Maurice Mizrahi starts the evening activity. JP (Jeffrey Paul Bobrick) is his helpful JC. Rain or shine, there is always a great evening in store, whether it's a movie on the lawn, a show, a campfire, or roller skating. When JP ran "Dance Through the Decades," almost everyone showed up. Some of this summer's most popular evening activities were:

karaoke concerts at the Mushed clown shows classic movie night all the plays and, most mysteriously... Salamagundi! (WHAT?)







## (ITS Tubing Through Hell

The CITs awoke on Monday, July 12, fully expecting another sunny, hot, humid day (hey, it was a heat wave, who could blame us?). Ironically, it was cool, overcast and humid (well, one out of three ain thad), causing many to think,"This is my life in a nutshell." However, we bravely went ahead to Satan's Kingdom (I kid you not) for a glorious, funfilled day of river tubing. As Leo snapped pictures, everyone giggled, wondered to whom their \$500 would go should they die, and persuaded Matt and Serena to tube with most of us (several CITs decided to stay on dry land). "It's been nice knowing you!", "Have you seen the movie "It Came From the Deep?" However, we were assured that there were only three rapids, and that it was extremely safe. The first exclamation from the courageous, foolhardy CITs was, "Jesus Christ, it's freezing!" (in a camp that's 80% Jewish). We floated on down, with several mishaps such as: Julie losing her tube before she even got on it, Mike Ajerman losing one slipper (even though it was duct-taped on), Jen Ballin getting stuck and being rescued by Jen Freeouf, Mike Ajerman capsizing, Jackie's tube deflating (Tuck generously shared his with her—thank God he's small), Mike Ajerman falling off his tube and hitting his head on a rock. The serene, misty, overcast silence was periodically broken by shouts of "Lili stole the cookie from the cookie jar,", "I can't feel my feet/lower back/ hands," and "Butt up!" About an hour into the trek (and four sets of rapids), we first heard thunder, then felt rain, and finally saw lightning. En masse (except for Holly), the decision was made to get the hell out of the water and see if it got better. (Did I mention that it was really cold?) We huddled in clumps on the steep rocky shore, discussing the possibility of hiking to the nearest road and bumming rides from there and noticing how many tubes were floating down devoid of riders. Eventually we got sick of waiting, got back in (shudder) and continued on down (three more rapids) for an additional 1 and 3/4 hours. "I am so cold" "I was trapped in a rapid and I couldn't get over to the side", "I was so scared", "My life flashed before my eyes and it was short and pathetic!", "I need to make a will." Many contemplated the cheery message printed on the tubes: "Fun Is River Tubing." (Did I mention that the "ride" was only supposed to take two hours?) The rain finally stopped, and everyone cursed at the sun. We all changed (except Matt, who hadn't brought a change of clothes) and re-piled into the bus (57 of us. It sat 44), reading Joelle's W ( am a high school varsity cheerleader and the most embarrassing thing happened to me!") We made Jon and Alyson take us to a shopping center to make up for the hell we'd already been through (by this time it was, of course, hot and sunny. Figures) and sampled the almost-forgotten delights of civilization: A one-dollar store (where Dave Iserson purchased a "sampler CD". "It's got lots of obscure artists"—Dave. "How good couldn't it be if it's only \$1"—Amos and Serena). A Dunkin' Donuts, afterwards depleted of reusable coffee mugs. A giant supermarket. And best of all, a cheap take-out chop suey joint (which luckily sold my favorite, fried wontons, 12 for \$2,25. Americana! Complete with bathroom graffiti worse than the Octagon's from '92! "Can I have some chopsticks?"—Rachel Liebster, exhausted from sleeping with a cow. "Sorry, only forks"—Woman at counter. How could you not love it!). We sang a cappella songs off-key until we returned to camp, and decided unanimously to dispense with CIT snack. The final question, people: Was it a bonding experience or a binding experience? Butt up!

160

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# Confessions from the Kitchen and Dining Room

by an anonymous short person

This was a banner year in the kitchen; with new dishes people really seemed to enjoy, peanut butter consumption was down 34%.

Helene and David (who also wrote "Making Leftovers Delicious"), wrote "The Joy of Fajitas," our new cookbook. We can't leave out Brenda's new bestseller: "Veggies Without Fear: How not to use dairy products while keeping vegans happy." Heidi set a record for the use of the word "brilliant."

Damian provided us with our soundtrack and his rendition of "That's Entertainment." Ian could always be found near a fryer, cleaning chickens, or hanging with the veggie department. Emma received enough post to keep 06776 on the map. Liz is still writing and receiving letters while avoiding chicken as much as a vegetarian can. Carol awaited the second coming of Perry Farrell as well as Lollapalooza's stop in New Milford.

Lee (formerly winner for Best Retro-70's look) won in the "Best Male Hair" category. Ian "Are you going to town" Pritchard made a grand comeback after a long hiatus from Buck's Rock. Albert provided a smile and was personally responsible for the economic upturn at the Danbury Fair Mall.

The Dining Room: seems like last year with the glorious return of the Dinettes, Fiona and Laura. Unfortunately, one of our newest Dinettes left to study. Good luck, Kate! Good thing we still had Julie with her Scottish sensibilities, diet, and exercise program. Did Jez really graduate or was it another excuse to

visit his favorite Railroad Street haunt seven evenings in a row? Number one entertainer in the dining room was our graphic artist Martin; Welshmen do have strange accents...

For dessert, thanks to Al Braun who was kind enough to return for his 31st year. Also thanks to Matt for snack and for always arriving on time.

Finally, thanks to: Mrs. Rotanelli for providing delicious entertainment; Mitch Glancy, the next Howard Stern, for his cameo on Sting's latest album; Maintenance and Sam & Carolyn for keeping us afloat; the Office—just for being the Office; our mothers and fathers for having and putting up with us; various bunkmates; unofficial shops: Photo, Pub, Sports & team Gadba-Go Gadba! All those who listened to our collection of great dance music.



#### **TOP SECRET**

#### SPECIAL REPORT

LOCATION: Buck's Rock Camp

SUBJECT: The Office

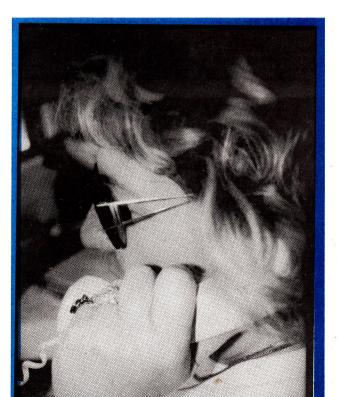
DATE: Summer '93

SPECIAL AGENT: Anonymous, Private Detective

So it's hot and steamy at Buck's Rock Camp, you know, the kinda day that drags the moisture out of every pore.

In the awfice there are these four brainy babes; you know, sophisticated and classy women. Out back are two real cool dudes (well, the air conditioning is on full blast).

A queue's forming at the awfice window. These dolls don't flip, they can handle anything: stamps, cash, shopping, messages, phone calls, lost property, shop trips—I mean they're tough, real tough.



So they're tough but they're fair and helpful, too. They know the score. They know how to handle the joint. They aren't going to let just anyone into the awfice without a good reason. Meanwhile, the guys out back keep tabs on the books. They handle the camper accounts and keep Buck's Rock balanced.

Well, I guess you've got the full picture. This office means business.

IF IT'S YOUR BUSINESS, IT'S THEIR BUSINESS!!!



### CIT Last Will and Testament

Mike Ajerman- a pretty dress and lipstick; food in his bunk; a date w/ Shakespeare; Marcy, a postcard that JY doesn't copy, Vogue, the couch, Asics; marbles; mother jokes; a 15-yr-old who cries 24 hrs a day for a month; a clue; sanity; Fozzie; a big, loud scream, vintage clothing; finger paints; a sedative; a fan club; an accent, Lollapalooza; a day w/o Alyson interfering in your love life; Heather Andes- swaying servers, people not to call her Lauren; a school bus; a cajun curly fry; a really wack alarm clock that works, a 1-way ticket to the best art college; popcorn, gossip; some eyedrops; Colin; a hot pot, a hot man running a race; Lisa's clothes; ye ye yes; Yesterday; Sure, exploding pasta; Ien Ballin-A snowball, Achoo and Achoo again, dun dun, to be less ticklish; The Story; backrubs, it's a style, Snuffles, a fairytale; a new flute, love and will, 21 lessons of Merlin, sleep, apple pie ice cream; lyrics to "Born Free"; happiness, someone to sing "I need you"; a bottle to contain her adorable personality; a great big hug; "Three of Cups", time, a night when Florin's quiet, a Neanderthal w/a club; the Levellers; less of a vertical challenge; a rainstick; we miss you, gros bisous; a sparkle; Jennygoboom; Allegra Bartko- Gregory Londos' Lamb Restaurant; Cocoa Krispies; Chewy Chips Ahoy, sound FX; taste; asprin; happiness, prosperity, and joy; no monthly visitors, long legs; a correct gender role; a skunk, a successful sneak-out, 101 excuses for all occasions, perfect feet, someone she's taller than, "Goodnight Saigon"; a job in and out of the music shed; Jesse Blumberg, Matt Haicken; Naomi Bernstein-a spot, swaying servers; vocal crack; a 1night play; a dinosaur; Brad, story-telling time; a lead in a Broadway play; CS's frisbee, a Splash, a microphone; yet another talent, an F sharp; Brad, advice for LR, a flashlight, doc; a solo; spike heels; **Ien Berson**-swaying servers; an explanation for her 2 names, the ability to sleep late, decisiveness; a non-smiling day, another 3+ yrs. of memories w/ JY, M+Ms; a larynx, health, Big Cheese/Queen Cluck; a spider sculpture; kitchen men; a chocolate-chip cookie; gummy bears, a safe topsy tail, cajun fries; a compliment about the Pub Shop from AH, a long conversation in which something was said, a hand to hold on a river tube; party mix, hair sticks; a career as a server; Holly Braid-straight hair, a night she doesn't get up to go to the bathroom; JY's wardrobe, the lipstick you look great in but lost in Boston, a day when you think you're pretty, a bed to jump on, a train ticket to NY to visit JY; RL's brown tank; journal pgs.; a 10 yr old; gumminess, a safe topsy tail, apricots; baggy clothes; happiness; a stolen ring; my green sweatshirt; productivity, a play we both get into; Dan Greenfeld; fimo; spicy hot baby; cons, docs, and birks(with socks), the best beaded bunk ever, a family to tour; overalls; Ruben Brown-the cup you hit Ari w/, swaying servers, a Big Mac and a super slurpee; a life, normalcy; Lauren C.; SPAM!; timing; rainbows, X-ray glasses; 1 million back massages at CIT snack, dancing lessons, a clean mind; sleep, a comfortable bed; funny pliers, a crystal ball; a basketball; a broom to beat you with; "Do you believe in fish?"; boxers; Sergey Chernogorodsky-an American who can pronounce your name; a girl who doesn't see him as a sex symbol; an animal to visit, an exciting dress, a gong dance; ochen horrour show; a movie w/a cool poster and no animals; everything that is fly; a B'klyn accent, a bigger cross, ribs; "so. . how was your day, Kali? TALK!"; nature walks, veggie CIT; a leather jacket; Lauren Coburn-no boyfriend problems, swaying servers, people not calling her Heather; decision-making skills; Ruben; how not to run a red, a fan, duck tape, nonstop flights to NJ; daily phone calls; a real school bus; a box for your freshly cooked popcorn; HB's hair, truth-or-dare; the courage to kill a bug; selfconfidence; a hot pot, jet black hair; white wardrobe; wait, wait, waiwaiwait; Jessica Dee-Bill Murray; Katie and Bryant; a haircut, a peaceful day; a horizontal standing position; salsa; an easier summer; red ribbons; an organized BD; a night when Florin lets you sleep; Filene's; butter cookies, the PERFECT glass piece; Guinesses' record for longest hair, happiness, talks; a hit not walk; a strike; Boxer; a blank book; Adam Detsky- a driver's license, "Star Trekkin" on CD w/ lyrics and headphones; a cheese grater; cards; a backrub; sleep, a female chauvinist; "The Jon Rubin, I'm the

Canteen Boy" award; a sense of humor; a name tag that says: "I am a CIT"; theatre CIT-ship; a hatless head; Nila Dharan- the awesome outfit from the Gap, the girl sleeping in her GHD bed, the loop; grilled cheese, a bed in the Glass Shop; green sweatshirt; 8 miles of pleasure; a day when you don't look beautiful; bathroom talks; a fault; high-tops w/o socks, acid-washed jeans, pierced ears; a temper; a Superwoman cape, Jen's love; Danielle Dreilinger- Hungarian food; eternal literature, taste in music; Eric Hirsch; a quote for every day, a psychiatrist who listens/writes back, the real gateway to paradise; a 16-yr-old b-friend w/ the maturity of a 20-yr-old; a night w/o the gong, the life-saving award, an easier summer; a photocopier that doesn't spaz; a small woodland animal, Jimmy Buffett, Pablo, free time; more g+g candy, a journal to share with HB; a publisher for your poems; Matt Velick, old men caps; a happy yearbook; food she can get rid of; Marguerite Dunbara tube; a video of AB to make her laugh; an interbunk shaye; Agatha, Snackwell's, more shoes, mail, a city camp, slow metabolism, B+B sheets; RL's pink PJ top; "soap in my eyes!", a bed in the Octagon; a sweatshirt that can be worn under jeans; "Total Eclipse of the Heart," my Garth walk; chiding, a ticket into any posse, bad feet and eyebrows; Filene's; a 2 x 4 piece of plywood; a "freak show"; a day when she doesn't need to fix AH's hair, tumbleweed, bus talks; a big loft in NY; PJ breakfasts, a tooth/hairbrush; Leo Ferguson-home owner's insurance for his pink couch; Laura (heh!), somebody in BR to transmam to, Q-tips; an epiphany, a backbone; a cat, the camera of your dreams; Monk, a left-handed paradiddle, morbid thoughts; pewter; Spam, cheap books; a veggie meal; membership to "Crossdressers of America"; 42D, clean sheet; a pink wardrobe, "FYC"; Robin's clothes; David Fishkin- Wiley and Liz, 82 red ping pong balls, a red hairy monster; a coyote, a frown; Opus, gracious thanks from RL; Bogey; another nose noise, time, a good pun; 1 day to rent out his cool shoes; perception; Road Runner, a French song that you don't know; another cute little brother; Oriana Fox-rat poison, a Miles Davis T, a Ginsberg anthology, an inner tube; Snapple; somebody who doesn't laugh when she makes fun of them; a big mouth, "How to draw the Male Figure"; a belt to please James, a BUDDHA, a new stretching position; a wake-up call; a house in NJ, CIT drink, faith, happiness; **Ien Freeouf**- overalls w/o a leaf on the butt; Jolen; a gong dance, a HARD PACK, fake I.D.; tea; drooling over G.G., nobody to watch throw, B.C., sleepovers, Boston; hot and spicy pumpkin, roasted marshmallows; facial clay from ceramics; Manic Panic; a sacrificial dance; a city apt., \$56, a future as a starving artist, 'somebody to love'; **Zoe Gardner**-a day when she doesn't get pissed at Jess during mail, Star Trek 24-7, the coolest ST envelope; a day w/o pkgs. or mail; earth magic, a blanket and a pillow; time, Woodstock, shelf space, Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough Ice Cream, a day when I don't need to switch with you; a massage; owls, demon voices, bedtime stories, Ned, the gang; a cute position to nap in; a clean hand that doesn't hurt; SLAM!; buzzed fluorescent pink hair; je t'embrasse tres fort; **Ieremy Getz-** a strobe light; a video of the LSD shop skit, buzzer lessons, someone to clean up after you; coral reef, dinosaurs; salsa; someone who doesn't see him as his hair; lobster; back massages; a huge killer shark in a tank, a map of Boston; a way to dye your hair plaid; a spell checker; somebody to tell him that mohawks went out in the '80s; a gift certificate so you can get all the albums you want for free; white clothes; pop; <u>Iulie Gilberg-</u>Tommy, a turtle, not to be so ticklish and at the end of the "problem chain"; a shop, a poll, a tango, inside jokes in hell, tact; a loud voice; cow watch, TURN OFF YOUR FAN!!; chicken noises; a dress with armholes; **David Gilbert**- A Tommy T, the branch you dropped while tubing, the Midsummer moon; his pope costume; Piggy!; blk. spandex, hugs, Hungarian food; a non-cryptic conversation; blue love, Spam; head massages; a good song to serve and sway to; a different last name, very small rocks, fuzzy bunnies; J.P.B., a band of talented actors; an intelligent character; Isabel Grimshaw-new clogs, XS Gap T; a home closer to camp; ballet slippers, a treehouse, ghost, beads, a real skirt, a sincere, scary man; tea; G.G.,Oreos, Carvel, stupid jokes, parties in our room; Luke letters, a funky old hippie shirt; a radio, every type of candy, munchies, the ability to find your hairbrush underneath all your mess, permanent hair dye, sacrificial dance; another English magazine; a non-existent quartet; a dirty mouth; U.S. chocolate, mirrors; **Nora Harris**something really bizarre but not ugly; a goiter; mail from your sister; an alarm clock; a picture of

NB; an organized music library, a happy galaxy, a clean wheel; a new bathrobe; peace and love, bisous; detergent; a daisy ring; **D'Arcy Harrison**-someone who doesn't ask about the apostrophe, Vogue; liquid eyeliner; Tori A. and "Circle" by Edie B.; floor space, IB, Mike Copeland; a lightning rod, a compassionate bus driver; a microphone to sing in; a bottle, a stuffed cow, a spotter; a codirector who agrees w/ you; a photographer; late night + bus talks, some intelligence for everybody's sake; or . . . maybe Kali?; a creepy animal; a guitar + an hour; **Gina Hirsch-**2 yrs, BH, Bertha, waves in bed, oink, my friendship always; chili pepper lights, Sandra Dee, Matt; a Howie sandwich, jump; a coffee runner for Steve; a love bug; maple + brown sugar oatmeal, willpower, one big burp; a beautiful-looking softball team; a Terrace following, shoe size 15; a gun to kill exb-friends; Clearly Canadian; Runs In the Family, the oldest profession in the world; Alicia Horwitz-"Goodnight Saigon", Greg Silverman, eternal house counselors, a septic field, new jeans, a ring she made in jewelry, blueberries, Diet Coke; a zit, fairy dust; a costume that fits; camper dyeing lessons; an emotional, caring guy who appreciates you, long live Sheila!; less time sitting still; cool pots in ceramics; batik romances, a barbie doll, planters peanuts, may I help you, watercolors; waxed eyebrows, Levi's, a good wood experience; a monologue; D'Arcy's yet-to-be-worked-on brain; batik chats; David Iserson-parcheesi, pot roast; a diaper; oil paint for his chest; tact, a Tom Cruise movie, a Dysfunctional Family Circus book; Sid Shady's dead wives; bus-bathroom horror stories; art supplies, Cap'n Crunch; a red nose; a less appealing friend; blond hair and blue eyes; Barbara Ianovsky-history books; Doubleday; smiles, a reliable breakfast companion; a dance that wouldn't hurt your knees, some time to travel and earn some money; a kiss from RB; purple spandex; suntan lotion; Boston Fresca; Lili Kalish- diction class, someone to reassure her; Converse, a good piece of... fudge, Amos(?); a way to get dressed in 1 min.; a break; decisiveness; GHD'88; roommates who never make fun of you (we love you!); the middle shower; cleaning lessons, Dave Ludwig, Josh's tape, new tapes, a bunkmate forever; dark hair; love suitcases, lumberjaps; blond eyebrows; Amos Kenigsberg-Lili, someone to beat up Brett Kizner; the Demetrius costume; singing lessons,; D'oh!; a homer over the left field fence; a name w/interesting vowels; serving wars, angry faces, the 2 of clubs w/my lipstick; a friend at home w/ an extensive knowledge of Simpson trivia; munchkins, Moses; New Nicknames; an Amos "Hoss, Moose, Phineas, Lili, Ezra, and Kepy" Kenigsberg nametag; Macduff; my rainstick; a scary stereo; ice for your head; a day w/o our friends interfering in our love lives, the rock, a bottle to break, a clue; **David Kraft**- better luck; a golden guitar to play all day long, a few words; salsa; a star-gazing opportunity like DF's last yr.; more meals to serve; a new smile; a voice box, growth hormone; Dan Seiden Radar; Marisa Kurtzman- a big stick, Band-Aids, another bandanna, witch costume; BH; lounge lizard stories; John Levy; an attitude, a strong punch, one of mine; a wake up call, Barry the snail; a secretary, a day w/o rehearsals; a non-L.A. home; a stage kiss that doesn't make me cringe; Rachel Liebster- Newman's Own; the power to stay awake during cow watch; another tank top; Tr+Tr frisbee, 34B?; an elephant for the shop, mail; a book of awful puns; No! These are not bowling shoes!; no sunburn, peace; B.J.'s, the wholesale store, conductor's hat, hay; a shovel; my birthday, an alarm clock; a nap on the ping-pong tables, a bed which people can see she's asleep in; Oil of Olay; a gun to kill a certain boy camper; Mun-Ien Ng-something else to guess, a razor for his armpits, hugs; sunglasses; sanity; a shop; nameremembering ability; cutting lessons; CIT drink; serving wars, "gurgle, gurgle," dai chow hai; a vowel for-his last name; engine, Red Zinger tea, Simon & Garfunkel; chest muscles; stockings; a growth spurt, a good sense of humor; Emily Parker- XS Gap T; a smile; paper or plastic?, naked head, FRUITLESS!!!!, the ability to admit when you like someone, is God anorexic?, scary people to make fun of; lamination; tooth supplies, cow watch; a belt, scary men, ghost; 4 seats at the front, morals, Chinese food, Yolf; your other blk. boot, a movie with "animals;" a shop to work in, thick laces; a cleaning lesson, new eyebrows; rollerblades; pointless outings; Lisa Rabinowitz- a maid and clean jeans; another GDT; AAAAA!; Gregory, Slam!; \$5 lobster; Brad stories from Sassy; a tape of our loop conversation; music consensus; Gregory, Ned, Jeffy - We luv U!; flowy pants; a pr. of secondhand jeans that won't be holey for 2 years; sun chips, a crochet needle; Juliet Ross-iced T,

a bathing suit she feels comfortable in; a toenail clipper; 1 lb. of M+Ms, RL's old boyfriends; wood to dance on, hugs; a good man; David Fishkin; Harvest Crisps, chocolate kisses, a pool, fuzzy peach, Danny F.; amoxycillin; a bubble fight, a casino game, AH's dimple; sleep; cow watch; Adam Rothenberg-the ability to buy gifts; Doubleday; a million secrets to spread; Madonna paraphernalia; a new favorite shirt; Colin Schliefer-a complete set of LovePhones; Lili, a haircut; In the Line of Fire; a bet you can win; a big fish, a splash in the face; a SCARY horror movie; a girlfriend; the ability to stop fidgeting; a car you have permission to drive; sodas, sizzle chests; pizza; a name that isn't a punctuation mark; a long French conversation; a bar to play guitar at; another Bolt shirt; pop; Serena Silver- a tally mark; more time; to get out of limbo, an endless capacity for stress; tiny tarts; a roommate for Boston, a cookie; a letter from Beth; harmony; Lauren Smith- a shave; a visit from my sister; Meryl, Bugles; Cookie Monster; Phish; Gesso; canvas to stretch; mermaid, pool games; funny faces, E-Z Cheez, bedtime stories, air freshener; a lollipop, Pat; a sacrificial dance; my copy of "How to Pick the Right Guy"; bad hair, a purple twinkie, toenail clippers; tattoos, an att'n span, sugar kisses; Lindsay Stark- DK, Reese's PB Cups; bedtime stories; a new laugh; a glow-in-thedark pen; extra shelves, a b-friend who is cute and takes you for who you are; one big long CIT drink!; Davy boy, a chicken fight loss; clay, sacrificial dance; the natural look; mermaids; Susan Tiedemann-the branch that Dave dropped while tubing; U2, heavy metal; mail; dolphins; clucking lessons; our talks; a school bus; a guy who appreciates you; a mess; a fly-swatter; Kate Trenkle- a metal statue of a man; a cover-up, a JC to replace Brett; obnoxious guys not coming on to you; Ari, a school bus; people who say your name right, a clean bed; eyebrows, crustaceans; blueberries; TP's little brother; a tree for peek-a-boo, advice any time, Ken; more wonderful conversations with BT; glasses; sexy bathing suits, "Just joking, guys, love handles; a mirror that shows how beautiful you are; theft; David Tuchmann- a marble, free time, a field to spin in, 3 games out, Seinfeld; a Harry C. song for JY; the BA showers, a Miles album, people who pronounce your name right; touch; a compass + a map; jade pick-ups; a tube; pink lemonade; a proportionate head; a play that doesn't want you, a day w/o JY's antics; The Book of Questions, the plan; Matt Velick- the goat that J.P.B. took, Fooooood!!; a bathing suit; Billy Bob; hey babe—corn syrup, red food coloring, a portable bed, herring, Spam (try it), cake, joy, a Bad Hair Day; something to do all day; an eternal shoulder to cry on; a post nasal drip; another pattern shirt, a stolen ring; batteries, Mr. Phipps; Alex Hamilton, a camcorder; an FBI sting operation; a red nose; a new Stephen King book; a secret admirer; Kali Vermes- une souris verte; a baby to hum to at night, someone else to let your anger out on, a tap dancing lesson, less mail, Japan town, a letter unread by JG, cow watch; Moses, optimism; Carvel, French rap, messy clothes for ceramics, Yolf; American food, someone to stay with in NYC, cheap glue, African music; bubble wrap; GHD '90; a blk. strap bag; ENORMES BISOUS; a loud voice, Oreos; Charlotte Vuarnesson-je t'aime mon petit chou; perfect English, more explaining (on my part) (sorry); the Clapper; some money to buy Perrier, a book of all the American slang words, a passport without cake ring on it; a thicker wall; Alors, moi je vais te laissen... Uh... Ca va?; Slam and Snap, Wedgy, what the hell?, another chance at the PA; a day w/o fake French accents; a dilemma; Iackie Weiss-Saran Wrap, Chicken Hill; a roof; a non-typecast role; RL's b-day; pasta, my blk. work boots; long showers, the roof song; a driver's license, shelved, long brown dress, another 1 hr. chat at 2 o'clock a.m.; Mike C; the "So Many Men, Such Little Time" award; clean feet; a better relationship w/Steve; <u>Ioelle Yudin</u>-a belt; a perfect body to stop her complaints; 2-way transmamness; Zy lives forever; a bathroom with no walls; HB's wardrobe, a ticket to Phila., gum, techno, where's me jumpa, shower songs, the "original" beret, stolen silverware, frozen hot chocolate, a bed to jump on; CIT gossip; 15 more siblings; 13-year olds; flower-running; a French lesson; monotony, a chainsaw; costume, a seltzer bottle; Marc Zeltzer-a haircut; Enerjets, free ear piercing, sushi, bulk-loaded film; Richard the puppet, Updoc, Mega Mass 2000; Cap'n Crunch plush doll; an earring; a red nose, a new person to torment; a red beret; Everyone-Fun is river tubing; self esteem; love.

## Boys' House Down

Ah, Boys' House Down! A house full of the younger boys in camp! The most impeccably neat and tidy bunk! The breeding ground for future CIT's and Buck's Rock success stories! This year's crew, of questionably sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following to each of their honorable (?) members:

Oleg Degenshein-Brighter colored hair Jacob Lilien-A fishmonger Alex Robins-A cartoon character Spencer Stone-A farmer Justin Suissa-The illustrator of Mickey Mouse and Alex Robins John Levy-A theatre CIT Joey Diamond-Stuffed animal creator Joey Zelter-A birthday party clown Philip Sacks-In jail for contempt Josh Schneider-A talkshow host Josh and Marlene Leitner- Directors of Buck's Rock Marc Richter-Still bald and Boys' House counselor Charlie Ledley-Better health Armando Jububee-U.S. Senator Darrell Silver-Bob Dicke's assist in Pub Daniel ('Da Fish) Cohen-Prize fighter

Stefan Bondell-Garage attendant

Wesley Vultaggio-Thirsty

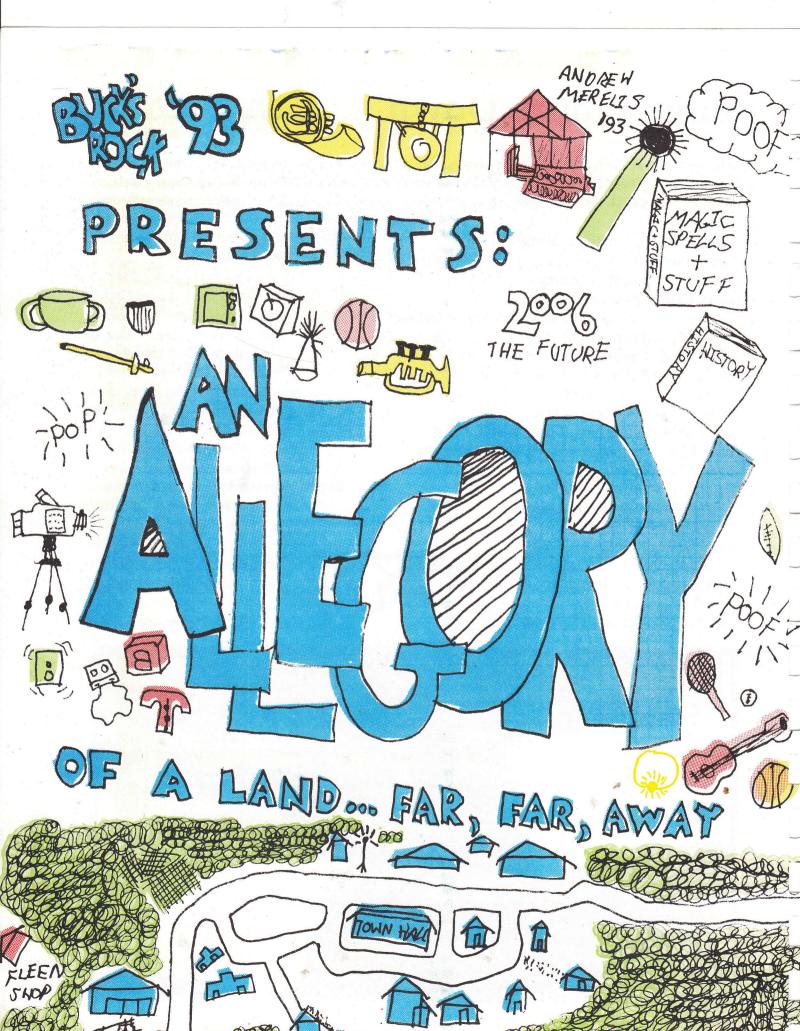
William Gilmore-A barber Alex Simon-Rock star

Charlie Looker-Rock star

Laughlin Elkind-New electric guitar Sterve Alford-Dressed in a suit Charles Bayne-Band Director Jedi John Parley-A lumber jack Eric Maayerson-Paulie Short Paul Gibson-Debbie's husband Sterling Grey-A hair dresser Alex Lacev-A florist Jeremy Markman-An alarm clock Daniel Blake-Playing his horn in a nightclub Ari Dlugarz-New tennis raquet Adam Sher-More clay on clothes Jason Weitzen-More clay on clothes Roy Berman-Working as an accountant Andrew Most-Phil's cellmate Ari Lazier-The early bird special Alen Loeb-Dirty Tim Jones-A new video camera Stuart Tidey-More hair

Compiled by Josh Leitner





## **Buck's Rock Animal Farm Presents:**

# Animal Show 1993 4

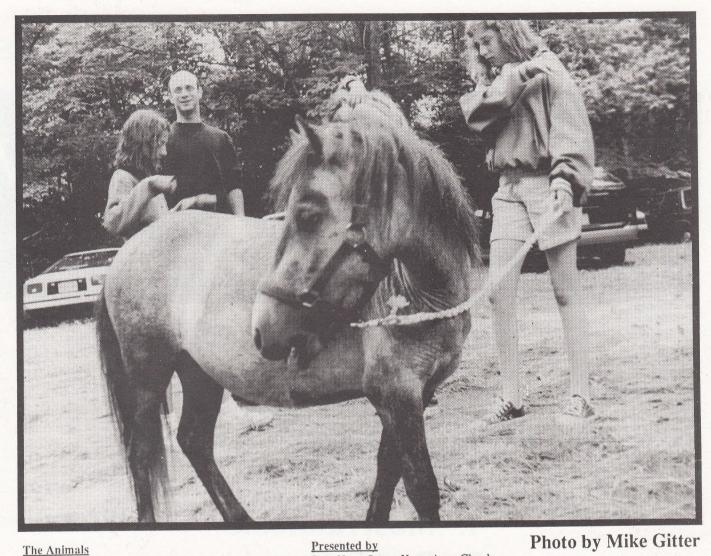
The order of events is as follows:

- Best Groomed
- 2. Quietest
- 3. Noisiest
- 4. Most Adorable
- 5. Best Behaved
- 6. Most Personality
- 7. Best Trick
- 8. Friendliest
- 9. Best Costume

This show would not be possible without the dedication of the campers who have adopted these animals and provided care for them on a daily basis.

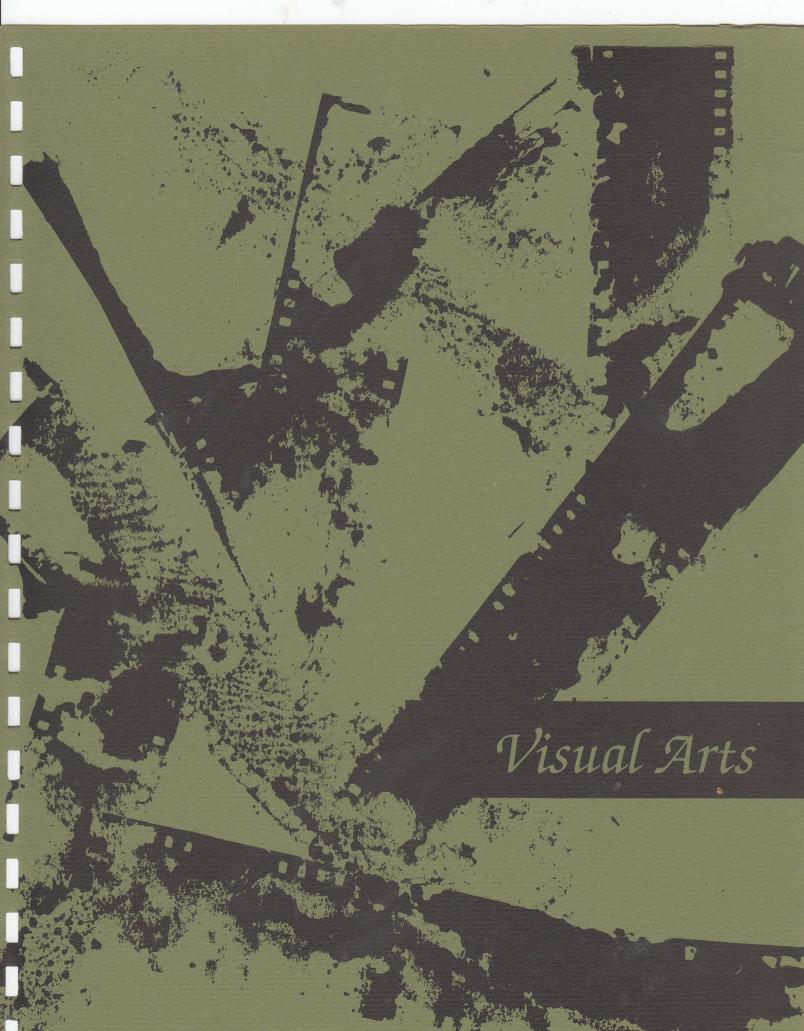
Thanks,

Todd Berger, Judy Crossan, Ben Jenkins, Rachel Liebster Animal Farm Staff

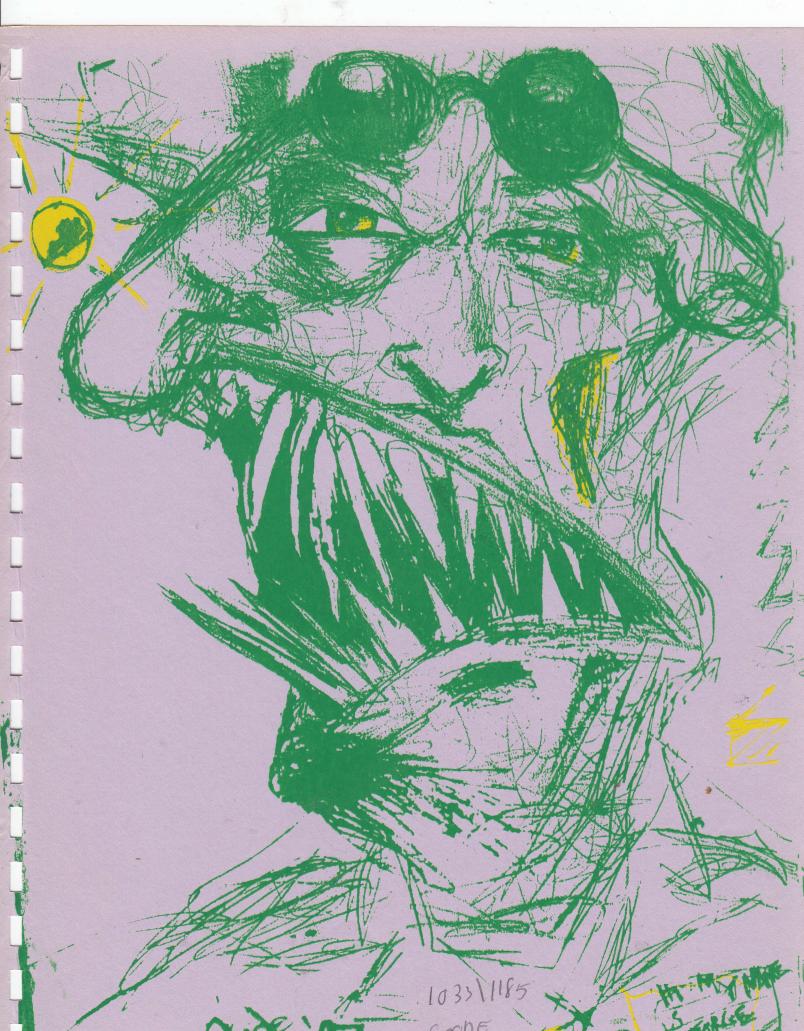


The Animals	Presented by	Ph
A 1 at - I amala	Jody Krey, Sunny Krey, Anne Clou	dman
*Big Dipper the Goat	Simone Chess	
Chloë the Calf	Kathy Knight	
Crahapple the Goat	Jason Aguirre, Alex Rich	
Cravola the Rabbit	Nina Steinberg	
*Frica the Cow	Oleg Degenshein, Philip Sacks, Spe	encer Stone
Expresso the Goat	Jason Klauber	
Floppy the Goat	Laura Bennett, Rachel Brown, Sara	Gould
Fue the Calf	Sara Fromboluti	
Georgy the Goat	Danielle Langer, Ellen Latzen, Am	anda McCall
Julia the Rabbit	Emily Brochin	
Mikey Green the Goat	C.C. Gallagher, Samantha Schrier	
Milky Way the Goat	Carli Klinghoffer, Emily Price	
Murphy the Goat	Alexandra Bond-Upson	
Nancy the Calf	Allison Glazer, Amy Prosen	
Pablo the Llama	Max Bean, Melissa Carlin	
Quark the Rabbit	Cara Hirsch, Alexa Zimmerman	
Red the Lamb	Wiley Bowen, Marc Mayer, Bonni	e Schneider
Sandy the Goat	Amanda Diamondstein	
Saturn the Guinea Pig	Annie Cho	
Skitish the Goat	Erin Fogel, Jordyn Lewis	
Slowy the Horse	Amanda Hudes	
**Spot the Horse	Ben Flaccus	
Tala the Guinea Pig —	Ariana Moses	
Velvet the Rabbit	Joey Diamond	
Winger the Chick	Jill Birnbaum	

\*Maternity Leave



It is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance, for our consideration and application of these things, and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process. Henry James





# The Sewing Shop Story

Once upon a time, a princess named Sleeping Beauty pricked her finger on a sewing needle, and fell asleep for 100 years. When she awoke, it was the year 1993. She was surrounded by sewing machines and the sewing staff in the sewing shop at a place called Buck's Rock.

Gone was her majestic Kingdom. In its place was a quiet town called New Milford.

At first, Sleeping Beauty was afraid of pricking her finger again, but the friendly staff taught the princess how to use the sewing

machines properly, and how to "update her wardrobe."

The staff consists of five awesome counselors: Pam, Terri, Dawn, Inge, and last, but never least, Michelle.

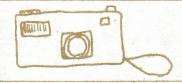
In time, Sleeping Beauty grew more confident about sewing and went on to be a CIT, then a JC, then finally, a counselor.

And everyone lived sewingly ever

the end... Bonnie Scheider & Dana Tunick



### PHOTO





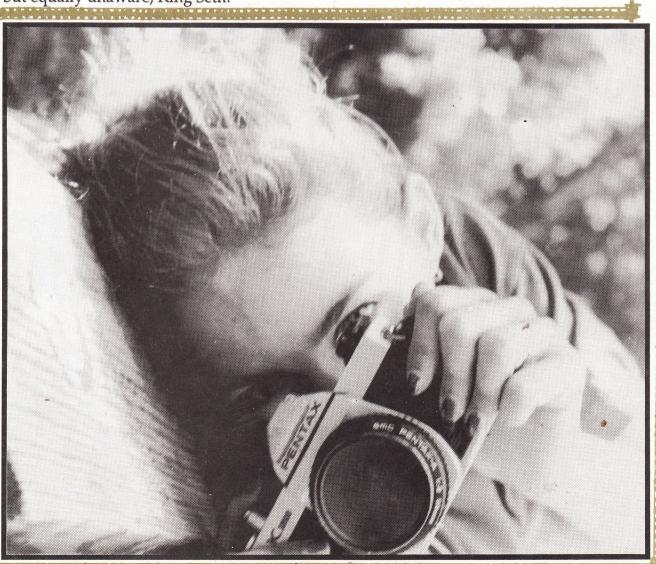
Day 1 - Morale is high. Fair maiden Alanna has received a gift, the pink throne, from the magical and mysterious Duke Robin of Des Moines.

Day 2 - A fleet of young, hormonally enlarged boys come charging to the porch of our beloved Photo Shop. As they try to apprehend the throne, the good countessa Kate dives upon it, in order to save the large, soft, pink object. Good lords Jonathon and Gabe come running out to aid the young mistress. But this is the year of the woman and she doesn't need any help. Thank you very much! So the reprimanded lords went back to their benevolent, but equally unaware, King Seth.

Day 3 - Morale is no longer high, the throne has been returned to its not-quite-rightful owners. We all turn to Leo, the court jester, for comic relief to raise our spirits. We are all disappointed. It is now official: Dan Greenfeld has declared war on Boys Cabins Up.

As this entry comes to a close, we would like to leave you with one final thought, "We will have our couch!"

Caitlin Moon, Dan Greenfeld, Karyn Lyman



## The Art Studio







Jamesassic Park

Fifty-one years ago, mad scientist Ernst Bulova started a top secret scientific experiment in the woods surrounding New Milford, codenamed "Art Shop." Bred from the blood of prehistoric mosquitoes, these fearsome creatures can still be seen today, electrically imprisoned in the painting studio.

"Welcome to Jamesassic Park,"

announces tour guide Chris Forby, as he theatrically opens the sliding doors. The eclectic group that you are touring with, including Margaret Rimsky, Athena Perry, Mia Ferrera Wiesenthal, and Dylan Sparrow, moves ahead in. Inside, you stare at a multitude of monstrous beings from another time and worry if it's safe to enter.

On your left, you pass the Baridactyl's cage, where she sits trapped with only an airbrush as a link to the outside world. Travel further ahead and you pass two lowly dinosaurs frantically tidying shelves—the Kalisaur and Isabelasaurus. Next, you are shown the Jenadactyl endlessly straightening the cabinet.

Make a right, and you see the Stegasusan and Chloceratops hovering over the drawing tables. Continue on your journey through this strange land and see the easels, where Golapteris and the Wooley Nathoth flock from camper to camper. Your attention is drawn to the shadows in the back corner.



where you catch a glimpse of Tamarasaurus Rex and Oridon hiding from the wrath of the other dinosaurs. Return to the main area of this place and see a sweeping Naomosaurus. Outside on the porch, Hypsilauren is stretching yet another canvas, while Ajerdactyl can barely be seen through the crowds of female tourists surrounding him.

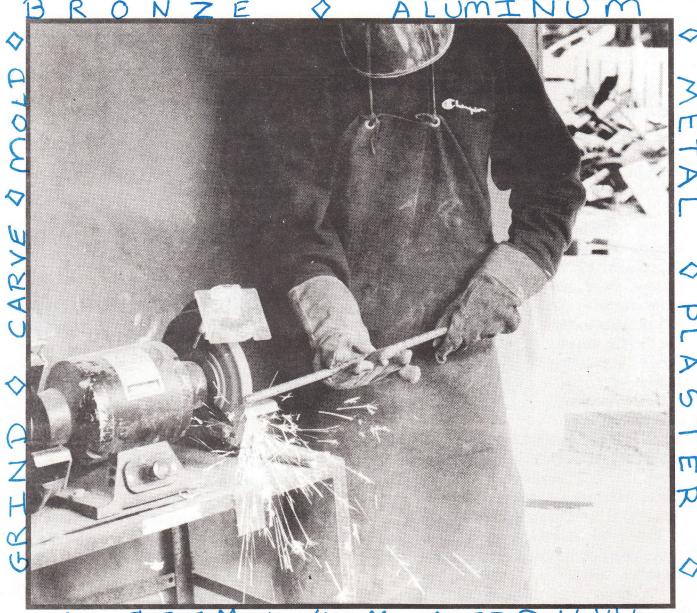
Suddenly a fearsome roar startles you and you turn to face the most terrifying creature of all: Sadupreetooth James wandering loose. As you stare into his eyes, his roar turns into a smile as he realizes you are a paying tourist. You edge away, still frightened, while he continues smiling and heartily tells you to return soon.

You breathe a sigh of relief as you cross the flowered line dividing Jamesassic Park from the real world. The terrifying cries of the dinosaurs can still be heard from inside.

"Your journey is over," announces tour guide Forby. "Congratulations. You have survived James assic Park."

#### Sculpture





Once upon a summer, in a very, very dirty part of Buck's Rock, was a special place where you could find lots of plaster and steel waiting to be changed into something magically delicious. The people who gathered there, no matter how few, felt very lucky and therefore, chose to be called Lucky Charms. The head charmer, whose real name was Edwin, went by Ted. He was quite tall, and therefore he got to rule the

land of sculpture. He had five full time charmers: the calmest, Thess; the loveliest, Lori; the messiest, Kelley; the youngest, Josh; and the one with the most tattoos, Felipe. He also had two, three (or was that four) charmers in training: Ruben, Heather, and Mun. The nine of them got along like cereal and milk. It was lovely. Like sugar and spice, plaster and water, Lauren and the sofa, Jeremy and bronze, they all lived happily ever after.

#### Silkscreen & Printmaking

staff

ımakıng

Luke "trigger happy" Brussel
Tia "freezie enforcer" Keenan
June "googlies" Fish
Jason "the chewbakian pied piper" Rohlf
Emily "stop drinking the acid" Ginsberg
Mun "key" Ng
Sergey "Mr. Right" Chernobyl

campers and CIT's

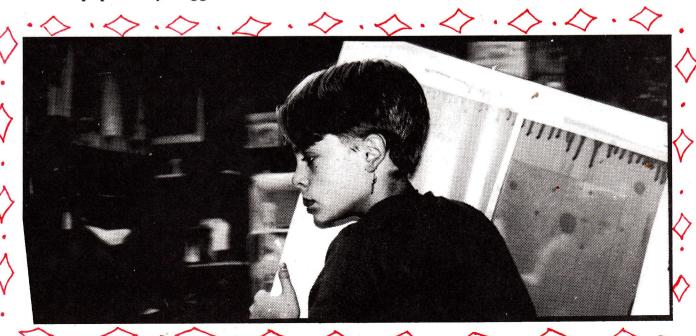
Jeremy "what do I do next?" Simon
Jeremy "feelin' faint" Noritz
Peter "Kraaazeeee" Goode
Marc "I hate Gojo" Mayer
Alex "urban cowboy" Kwartler
Josh "I'm gonna hang out in radio now" Faught
Jamie "nice boxers" Friedman
Oriana "do I have to?" Fox
Emily "cosmic dance" Parker
Isabel "whisper streaked" Grimshaw
Dan "lastic" Powell
Greg "pooh" Wyles
Justin "orgi" Suissa

The freezie enforcer (Tia) guarded the ice pops with her life. One day a boy and girl walked into the shop dying of heat. "Can we have a pop?" they begged. "No. No treats

without work," Tia said authoritatively. They ran to Jason but he was too busy watching Justin (orgi) grunt with each cut of his linoleum to notice them. As he finished his print, the caveman grunts got louder and louder. Then Emily, to his delight, offered him a freezie pop. As Justin happily trotted to the freezer, he caught a glimse of Luke, the trigger happy counselor. "You got some esplainin' to do," Luke said as he nudged Justin's back with the power hose o' death. Attempting to protect the endangered camper, Alex screamed, "Stop, you power hose totin', squeegee havin', K-mart art hangin', tea drinkin' in the shop mama jama!"

But it was too late. The seemingly quiet and gentle June (googlies) had already inconspicuously headed for the freezie pop DETONATOR. "No!" screamed Mun and Sergey (the CIT's) just before the freezer exploded in a rainbow of faux slushie fruit flavors. Everyone watched in awe as the unshakable June stepped away from the freezer, walked towards the door and said, "See you at 9:00 a.m. tomorrow, guys."

Peter Goode and Marc Mayer



# The Weaving Shop

Once upon a time there lived a boy named Jacques. He had a very unproductive family which became very rich after his father's death. They saw no need to work, and sat day after day being fed pitted cherries and bonbons by their obedient servants.

One day Jacques and his mother were staring at their  $100 \times 90$  square inch T.V., when suddenly Jacques realized it was tea

and biscuit time at the country club. He mama goodbye and exited their mansion. He was driving his Rolls Royce to the club when suddenly, at a red light, a scary man jumped in, threatening Jacques' life if he did not give the car to him. Very frightened, Jacques jumped out, and the man quickly drove away. Jacques

was shocked, and as he looked down on the ground, he saw the thief had dropped a bead. He thought it was pretty, so he picked it up and put it in his pocket. Upon returning home, he was so angry about what had happened to his favorite car that he threw the bead down on the ground violently.

The next morning when Jacques awoke, he looked out his window. A huge bead tree had grown from where he had dropped the bead the day before. He ran outside, stared up, and slowly started to climb. After hours of climbing, he spotted some wooden stairs. Up he went, and before his eyes he saw a small wooden shed deep in the woods. He stepped inside.

The first person to approach Jacques

herself and suggested he try beadwork. Jacques accepted out of confusion, and she ran around searching frantically for the beads, which nobody could ever really find anyway. Meanwhile, Jacques met Katie, who convinced him to try weaving a hat. While Katie went to get the perfect yarns for him to use, out came Mary, who suggested he weave a blanket to match his hat. She wanted to sign him up for

a loom, but when he explained his difficulties climbing the bead tree, Mary was sympathetic, and put him on a loom right away. While Mary ran to get him ready, out came Jen saying, "Why not do a wall hanging to put up in your mansion?" She ran off to get him a wooden board, and Jacques wandered over to the bargello

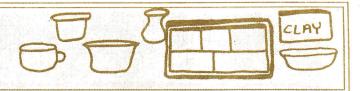
cabinet where Lorraine showed him everything bargello had to offer. Then Lauren came out, eagerly offering to help him start a woven belt.

Suddenly, Jacques was doing five weaving projects at once! It was the first time Jacques had been so productive and he was having lots of fun too! He had never been so truly happy as he was in the weaving studio. In fact, he felt so at home there that he never wanted to leave. Suddenly, Jacques noticed there was a knot in the warp of his blanket. He opened his eyes. It was all a dream. The dream weavers: Donna, Katie, Mary, Jen, Lorraine, Lauren, and all the campers. They were all a figment of his imagination...or were they?

Lauren Coburn



#### **Ceramics**



Deep inside the world of Middle Buck's Rock, in the great shop tower (the big building that houses the ceramics, photo, and metal shops) stands the Ceramics Kingdom, a powerful kingdom that is worth checking out at least once!

Its rulers (counselors), Lord Tony Bright, Lord Scott Estes, Lord Robert Platt and Countess Trish Ramsey, along with Duke (J.C.) Jaro Maher and Squires (C.I.T.s) Lindsay Stark, Zoe Gardner, Lisa Rabinowitz and Julie Gilberg are always willing to help the peasants of the land (campers) form ideas and turn them into vases, bowls, figures—anything! All worth the praise of the Gods (directors).

Peasants may also may use many different methods to make their ideas a reality. While ye olde potters wheel is by far the most popular method, one can also use molds, pinching methods, and many others.

Glazing day has arrived, and all the

pieces have been judged by the Council of Electric Beasts (the kilns we use for bisquing)—the first stage of firing. If the air bubbles in raw clay have not been properly popped, pieces will explode in the kiln and are therefore deemed disapproved. If the pieces are found to be satisfactory, they are ready to be presented to the Fiery Dragon—our large high-fire used for the final stage of firing. While high-fire is the most widely used of all firing methods, in the Ceramics Kingdom one can also use low-fire, pit firing, and raku firing—a primative Japanese method that creates some truly interesting patterns.

With all the things even a mere peasant could do at ceramics, why not stop by? That is if you can avoid the photo fiends, and jewelry ghouls that also inhabit the area.

Chris Castelle



# The Conputer Shop



It was a normal day at Buck's Rock. Nothing unusual was expected; but then again, it never is. The usual crowd filed into the computer room.

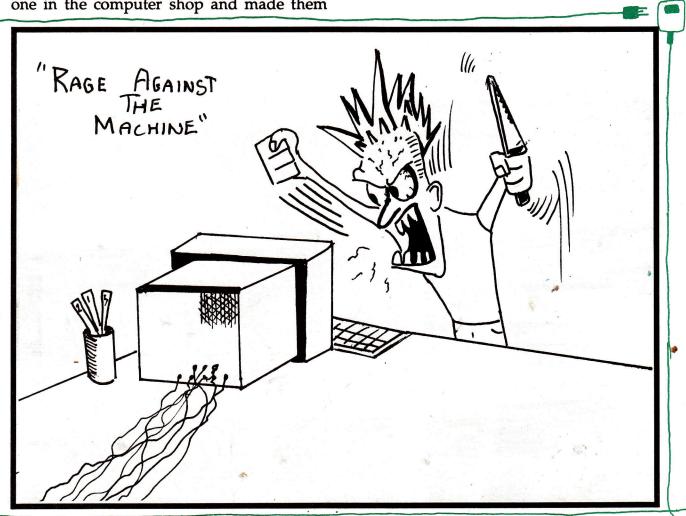
Everyone wanted the one computer that had the new game on it. Brian Castley cut through the screaming mob and loaded the game. Everyone became silent so they could hear and watch the beginning. Much to everyone's disappointment, the computer didn't have enough memory to load the game. The campers forcibly made Brian put in another memory chip so that the game could run. A fatal mistake.

Brian turned on the computer and got an electric shock. He looked dazed, but he only looked it. Brian took the hands of everyone in the computer shop and made them touch the computer. Everyone got an immense shock. But it wasn't a real shock; it was just the way that the computer took control of people and sent them on a mission. The mission was to get all the people of the camp to be controlled by computer.

The computer's minions worked extremely well and finally, only Ernst was left. The minions brought Ernst to the computer room. They released Ernst for a split second, which was all the time he needed to unplug the foul machine. With the computer unplugged everyone reverted back to normal.

Brian took out the extra memory chips. Once again the camp was safe, thanks to Ernst!

Philip Haspel



# Metal Och Contraction



Once upon a time, a large volcano erupted in the geographic location where Buck's Rock now lies. Out of the left side spewed the *Metal Shop*.

On the second day, out came the metals: copper, silver, and brass. Next arrived the stones and bezels waiting to be set on all the precious metals. On the fourth day arrived Jody, Heidi, Nelly, Rachael, Jessica (who actually arrived a few days late), Carrie, and Emily, otherwise known as the Faithful Metal Staff. Causing much chaos and confusion, on the fifth day, the campers arrived anxious to start projects. By the sixth day the confusion had calmed down and everyone was working on

their own thing. Much sanding, soldering, sawing, and finally, polishing was happening. The seventh day had finally arrived and all the people fimoed. While Jessica and the gang danced outside to WBBC, inside beautiful fimo beads and sculptures of sort were being baked. That's how the Buck's Rock Metal Shop was created!!

P.S. Even though the Metal Shop received much unnecessary criticism, we all know it's not true. . .RIGHT??

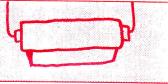
Malka Fenyvesi

#### Batik









#### Waxed to the Max:

#### The Batik Shop Drama

Characters: Narrator (Wax), Holly "Graffiti Artist" Braid, Alicia "I play cards" Horrorwitz, Melissa "Sandra Dee" Dershewitz, Bin "Absolutely Me Ripped Denim" Moy, Rose Marie "I'm as tough as any man" Prins, Marc "C.I.T.I.T." Mayer, Susanna "1.36 batiks per day" Goldfinger, assembly-dyes, brushes, chanting tools.

Narrator: It all started on a hot, humid afternoon. I was melted even though they didn't plug me in. The lyrics to "You're the one that I want—ooh-ahh-ooh" were blasting in the background.

Marc: Hee, hee. I love electric currents that flow throughout my body. Nothing is safe from me and my big pot of wax!

Melissa: I have just the thing to stop youzzooah, zooah...-

Holly: No! I am going to sing—that will stop anybody!

Alicia: No, Holly—not that!

Rose Marie: At least that will stop her from putting graffiti on the lovely furniture and walls!

Marc: It doesn't matter where she graffities. Soon everything will be covered with wax! Ha! Ha! Ha!

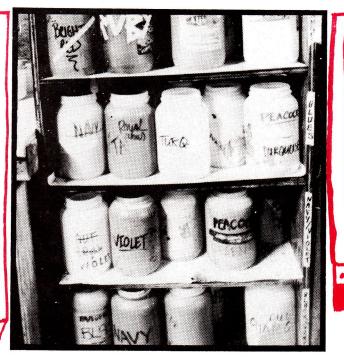
Susanna: Marc, if you go anywhere with that wax, I'll sic Bin on you!

Narrator: As Marc frantically prepared himself for the showdown of wax, the other batikers took notice of Bin, who was groovin' with the batik high. (Causes: noxious fumes from the-dye chemicals, smoking wax and irons, spending time in the shop. Effects: crazy batik-related hallucinations—i.e., urges to encase yourself in wax, remove pigmentation from skin by taking dye baths, urges to be fixed, etc.. Treatment: There is no cure.)

Marc: Stand back everyone! Prepare to be waxed!

Alicia: Wait! Wait! An image just came to me! Barbie, yelling, "Snack!," in a really nasal voice. Will snack save us all? Will snack stop

Narrator: And so Marc had reached his great moment of conflict. A big pot of wax in one



hand, a brush in the other-and the great possibility of snack. The room grew silent as everyone waited for Marc to decide.

Marc: Yes...yes, I think it will.

**EPILOGUE** 

Marc: You know, I used to think that the most important thing in life was wax. But now I see that there are two sides to everything. A physicist once said that every action must be met with an equal and opposite reaction. Similarly, everything that is waxed must be dewaxed. Maybe not today, or tomorrow, but it's definitely coming—the de-waxing of the world! I must leave you all now. My fellow batikers, I trust you to keep my memory alive and always wear your rubber gloves. Farewell!

Susanna Goldfinger and Marc Mayer

# Glass Shoppe



It's better than the gong... it's the Glass Shoppe! Once again kids woke up at early hours in the morning to get a half-hour spot glassblowing; and why shouldn't they? Not only was glass fun and interesting to work with but there was an amazing staff. Bill, Lydia, Todd, and Ben ran the fort with their studly J.C. Jeff, and the C.I.T.'s Tuck, Nila, and Jessica. Due to the heat

this summer the glass shoppe had to shut down a few times, but luckily only two campers melted. Nonetheless spirits were high and frogs were made. As always, according to rule #7, "there's no party in the glass shoppe", and keep the glass turning!

Stacey Gish



# Print Shop Eco

Many shops have a myth behind them, but I find that the print shop has the most interesting myth.

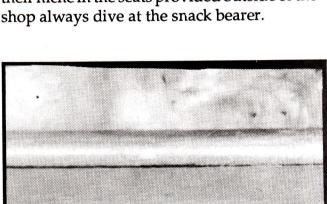
Vanna White, a representative from the BIC pen company, and a printer from the New York Times all had a similar dream one night about forming a Print shop at Buck's Rock Camp. As if it were planned, they all showed up at the area of the camp where the shop would be at the same time, joined by an experienced witch, each bearing a different element to add to the shop. Vanna White brought many letters to the site, the BIC representative brought ink, and the printer from the New York Times brought hand-operated presses. Led by the witch, they all held a ceremony and... POOF! The print shop was born. Many people flocked to this new enchanted shop to get a job—but only three unique individuals were given the honor-Kira Simon, Anne"Spuds" Mackenzie, and Adam Rothenberg (CIT).

Kira is one of the first Buck's Rockers of our generation. She is the daughter of Lou Simon, and the niece of Stan Simon. Anne is a Wham!-hating workaholic. This Scottish lass is friendly and always smiling. Adam "Madonna-loving, oh pooh" Rothenberg adds a bit of character to the shop and his dated taste in music gives the shop its funky atmosphere. He enjoys the works of Madonna, Whitney Houston, Janet Jackson, Bananarama, and let's not forget Cyndi Lauper.

As the summer progressed, the shop adopted two CITIT's—Lauren Racenstein and Andrew Merelis.

At the Print Shop, you can make pads, stationary, business cards, bumper stickers, and informals. WBBC is often played at the shop. At print, you also get the opportunity to make friends, meet great counselors, and smell a potpourri of marvelous aromas, in cluding cleaning, solvent, Gojo, and milder street and street are street.

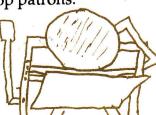
Many other shops use the print shop as a good place to steal snack, and campers who find their niche in the seats provided outside of the shop always dive at the snack bearer.





The Print Shop is located across the road from the snack-stealing jewelry shop. Other ways to identify the location of the shop are that it's in the line of fire of the batik shop wax fumes, and it's right next to the work area of the outdoor sewing shop patrons.

Lauren Racenstein



# The Leather Shop III O O



Once upon a time there was a witch who was called Crazy Claire, for all she did all day was sit around making things out of leather such as wallets, purses, shoes, hairpieces, briefcases, etc. She would go into a terrible fit when people called her Crazy Claire because she knew she wasn't crazy! To get back at society (mainly the children who ridiculed her) she performed a little magic and created a ferocious tiger with hideous fangs and an unbearable growl. She ordered her new feline pet to kidnap all the children from the town and to lock them up in her submarine. At first she was pretty successful with this plan, but

not for long. By accident her marvelous potion for meanness backfired on her, and something happened to her that every bad witch dreads: she turned into a good witch, and set all the children free. Now you can see old Crazy Claire in her little green submarine in the forest helping kids with their leather projects. Oh, by the way, that big ferocious tiger was turned into a cute little cat named Maazy, and you can visit him too. I'm sure he'll love your company! So come on down to the green submarine; Claire and Maazy are waiting!

Jeremy Markman

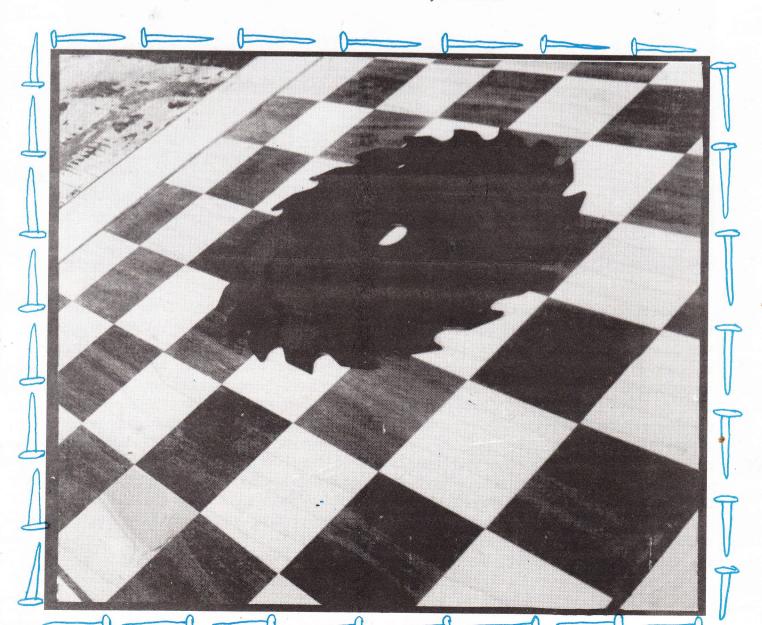


OU

# The Wood Shop Mad Lib

How did this happen, everyone wondered. Well, sometimes things in the woodshop get a little——(adjective), but we all manage to cope and still——(emotion towards those around oneself) each other while turning out——(adjective) projects. "Well, all's well that ends well," said——(name). I guess today is just another——(noun) in the wood shop.

Juliet Ross



# The Fleen Shop

It had been an entire year since Joey Diamond's friend, Daniel Cohen, was left in the woods at the Fleen Shop. Daniel was in the middle of making his left-handed monkey wrench, with the help of Armstrong, the counselor at Fleen. Joey now looked for his friend, running as fast as he could, shouting Daniel's name. Suddenly, Joey could hear the sound of a car behind him, and when a white Caravan came into view, he dove into the

Armstrong let out a rumbling laugh. "I remember." Joey saw a hand tap on Armstrong's shoulder. There was Daniel! They greeted each other, and Daniel introduced Joey to the counselors. Stu stepped in front of Joey and said, "As well as skyhooks and left-handed wrenches, one can now make a shoreline, an ambidextrous screw-driver, or a life-sized laserjet printer." Joey said, "I would like to know about the Sprite." Stu replied, "But I

forgot to

tell you

a b o u t

metal

melting!"

Armstrong

took Joey

outside.

He then

liquified a

chunk of

metal and

created a

river. Af-

river was

flowing

with

the

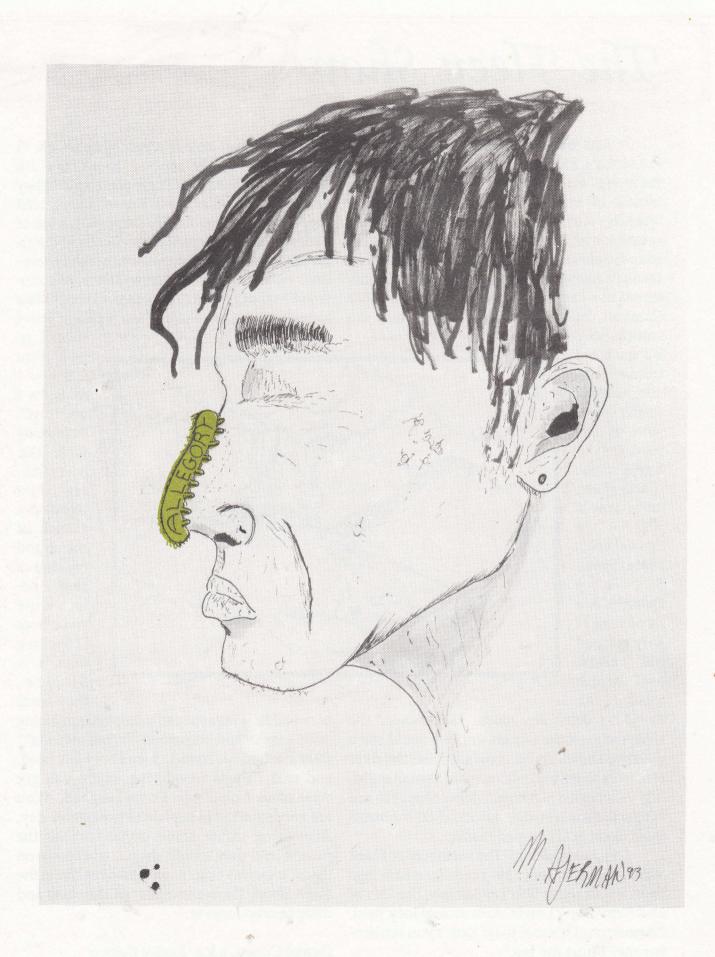
woods. Joey brushed himself off, and walked in the direction of the road, only to find that the it was gone, and a river of Sprite flowed in it's place. Sprite, 0 e thought. My favorite!! Joey cupped his hands, and drank until

could not drink any more. He followed the river through the woods until he could see a clearing ahead. To his great surprise, the river formed a moat, and surrounded a small building. A wooden sign read: Fleen Shop. He ran across the drawbridge, knocked on the small front door, and stepped inside.

How shocking! The members of Fleen were staring at Joey. He read the name tags from left to right: Bob Tewksbury, Stu Davis, and Armstrong Lewis. Armstrong! Joey said, "Armstrong! It's me! Joey! Don't you remember me? I hurt my leg."

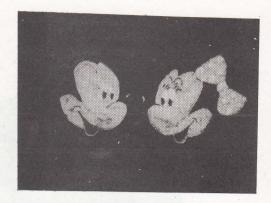
they went back inside, where they saw the others drinking milk. Joey looked perturbed. "What's wrong?" Daniel asked his friend. Joey shook his head, and said, "I was wondering where you got your cows from." Mr. Davis laughed, "You are very smart." He explained how every day, Armstrong threw some skyhooks into the clouds, and they would drop... with cows on them! Joey was taught what life was like at the Fleen Shop. He became part of the shop and disappeared forever.

Daniel Cohen, a.k.a. Rocky Balboa





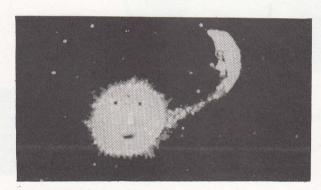
Heather Andes



Amanda Diamondstein



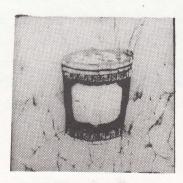
Reisha Goldman



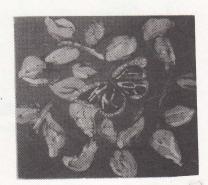
CaitlinHardy



Rebecca Chynsky



Emily Ryan Lerner



Jen Berson

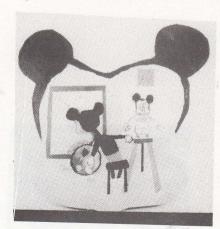




Tori Gardner



Beatrice Duhem



Justin Suissa



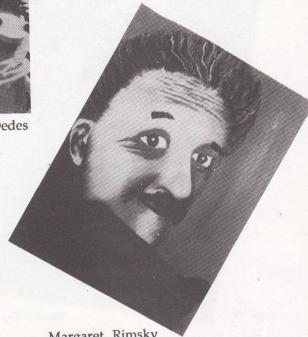
David Shapiro



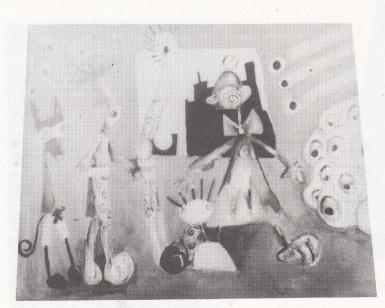
Sophia Dedes



Zachary Horn



Margaret Rimsky



Alex Kwartler



Oriana Fox

Showcase

Brian Landman Jessica Zarin-Kessin Jaclyn Silver Michael Wacht Rachel De Master Sarah Handelsman



Sharon Levine Dana Tunick



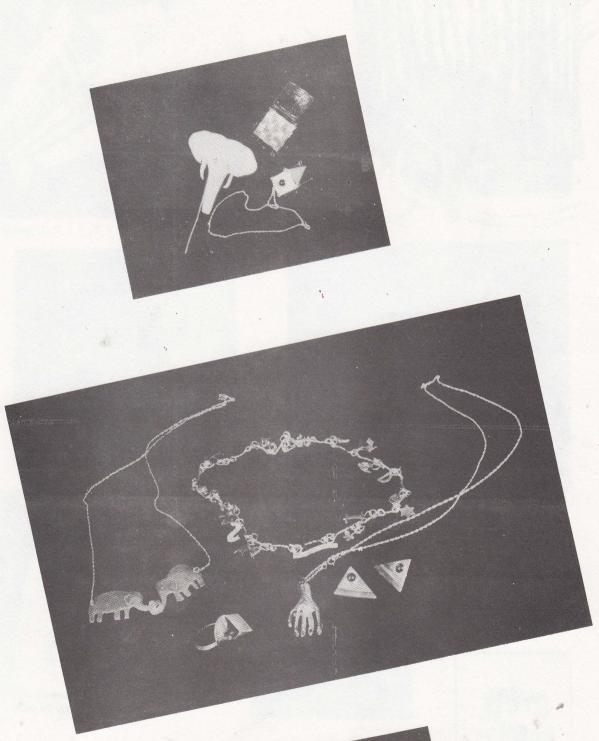
Abigail Taylor

Lindsey Bonime



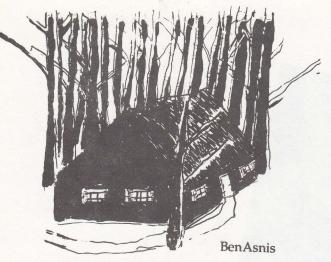
ner Short Rain Katz Valerie Bockstette ASE

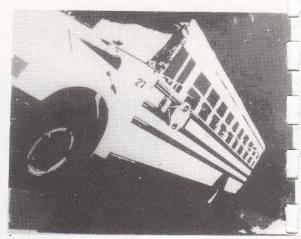
# EWELR LSMIT



Alan Cox
David Adler
Alexa Zimmerman
Simone Chess
Brian Yudin
Elizabeth Potenza



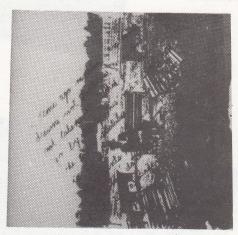




RobSaranchak



Amy Prosen



Marc Mayer



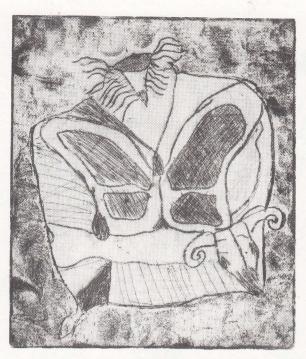


Shirt by Jeremy Noritz

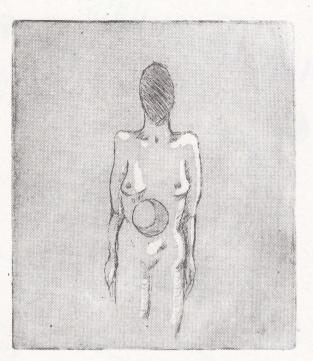
Dan Powell

Camper Showcase

Alex Rich



Print by Jeremy Noritz



Print by Oriana Fox



Print by Mathew Dicke

PRINT





Jonathan Berger



Talya Gould

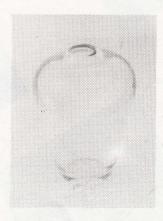
Dave Tuchmann

Adam Brin

David Rothauser



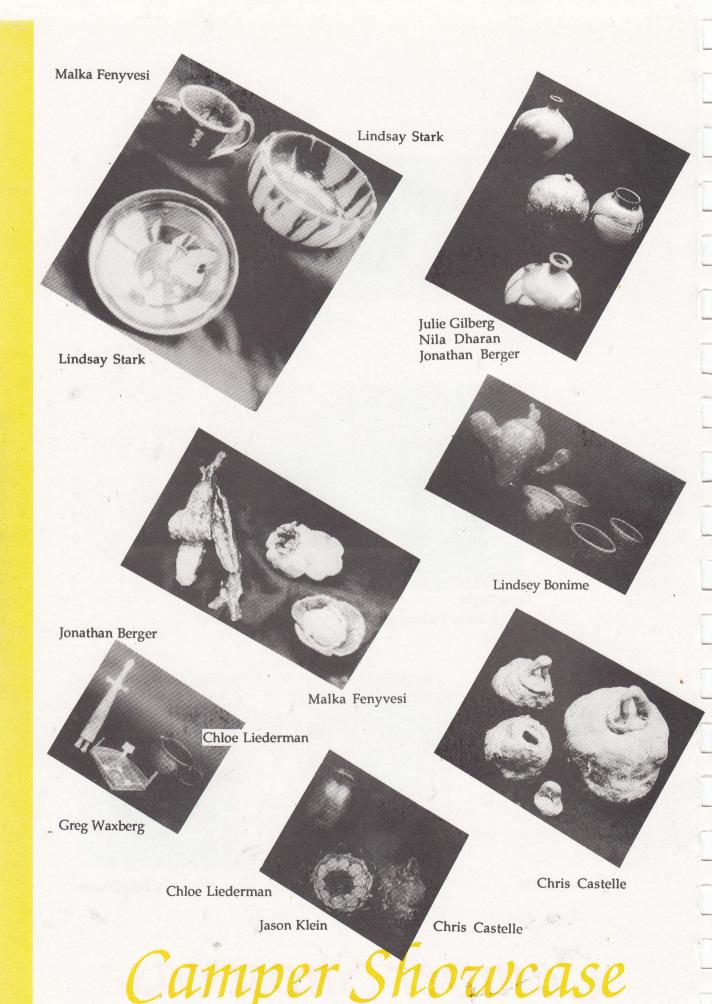
Adam Brin



Adam Brin



Nila Dharan

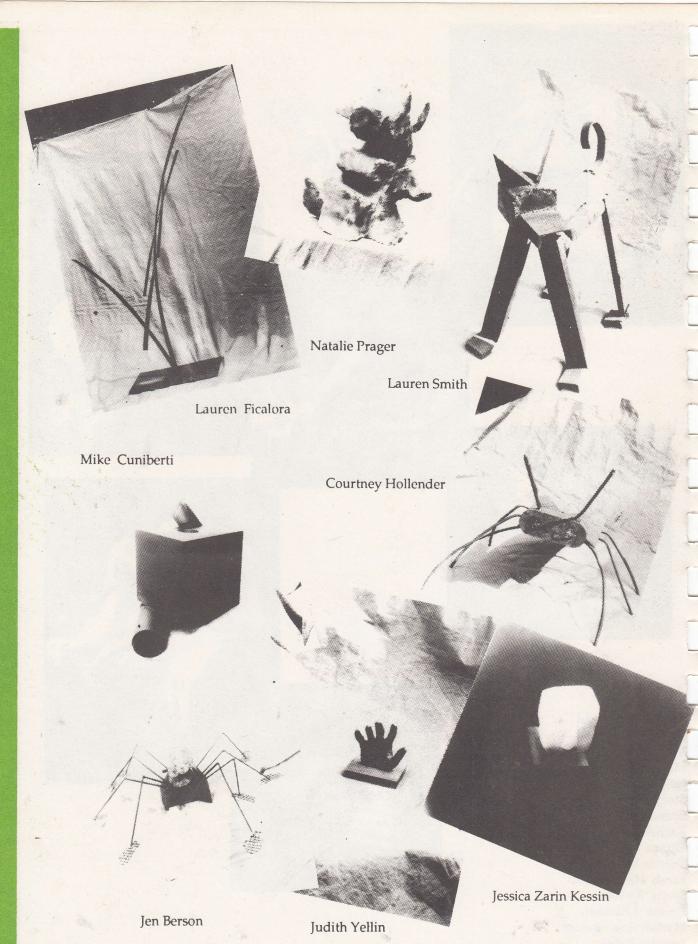


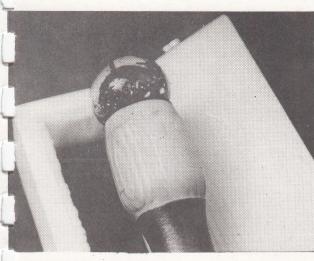
# WEAVING





Annie Cho Lauren Racenstein Tanya Brown Marcie Silver Maya Swedowsky Julia Gersen Stacy Gish Spencer Stone Rachel Ochs Oriana Fox Sharon Levine Sarah Handelsman Molly Kleiman Reisha Goldman Myriah Rosengarten Jennifer Bubel





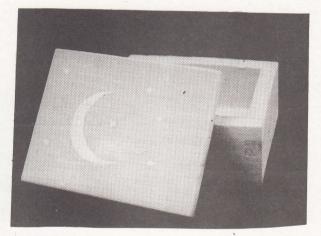
Wesley Vultaggio



Adam Brin



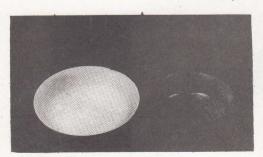
Adam Brin



Amy Prosen



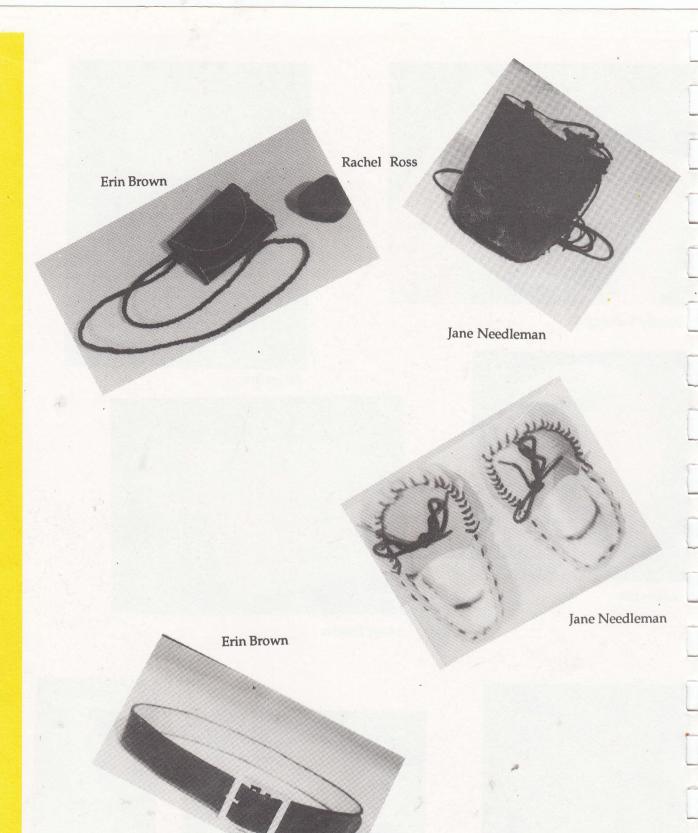
Anna Meister



Adam Brin



Lauren Bussel



### Photo



Photo by Karyn Lyman

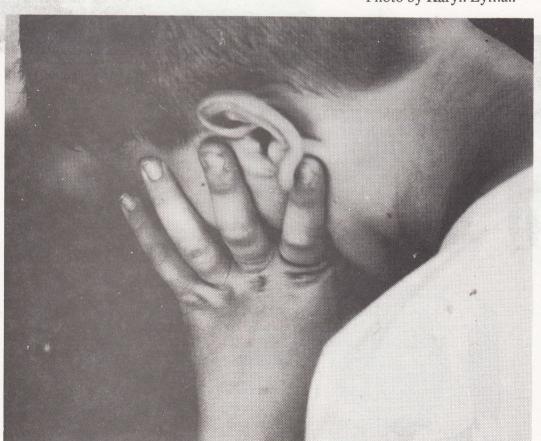
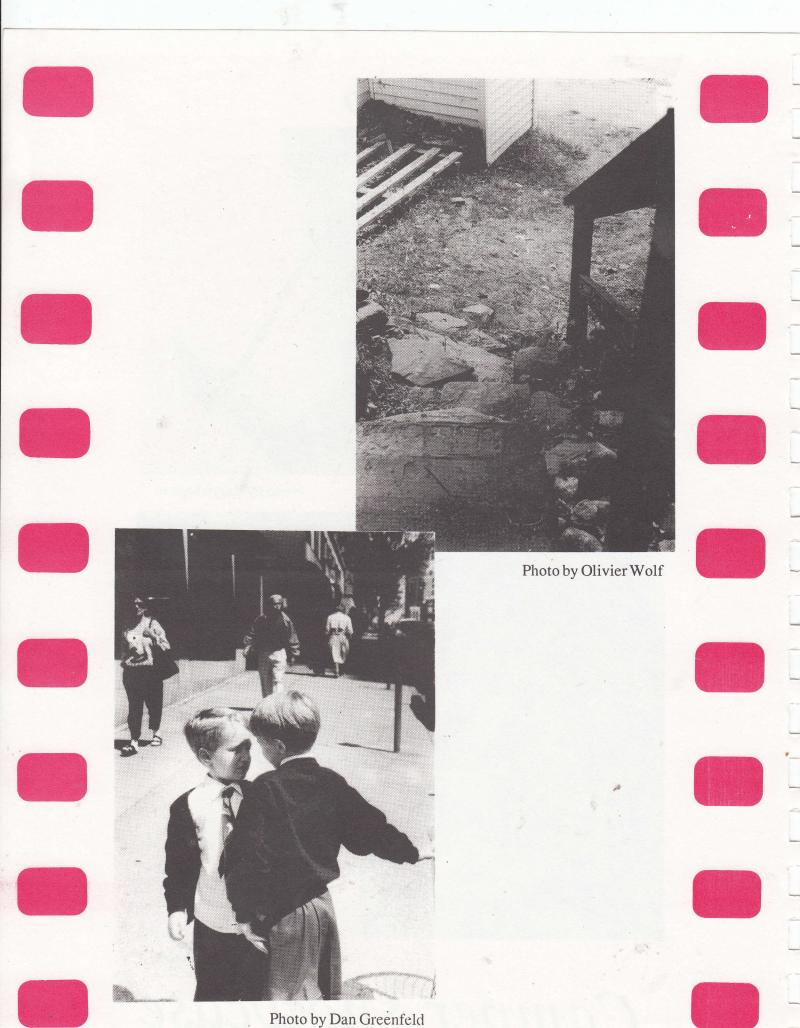


Photo by Dan Powell





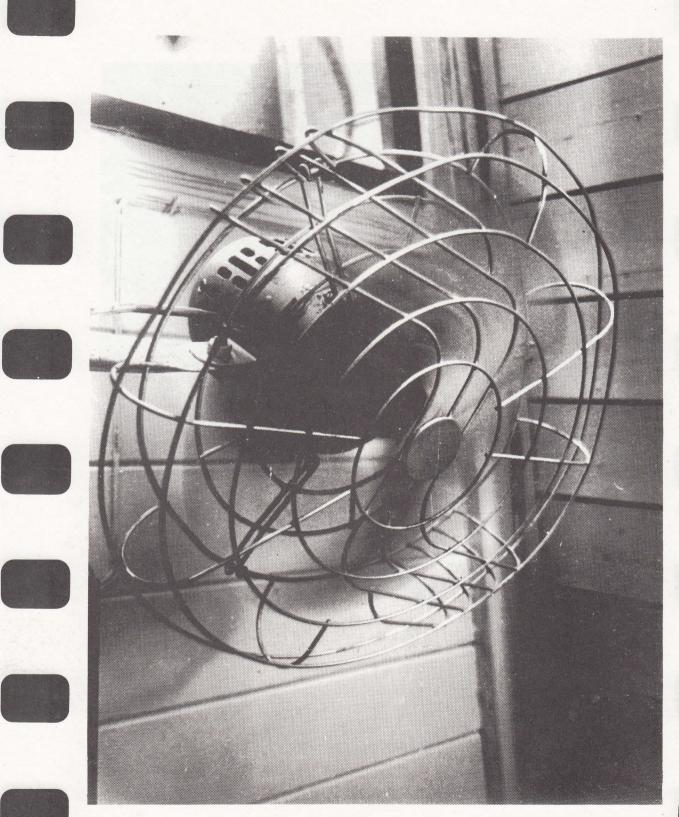
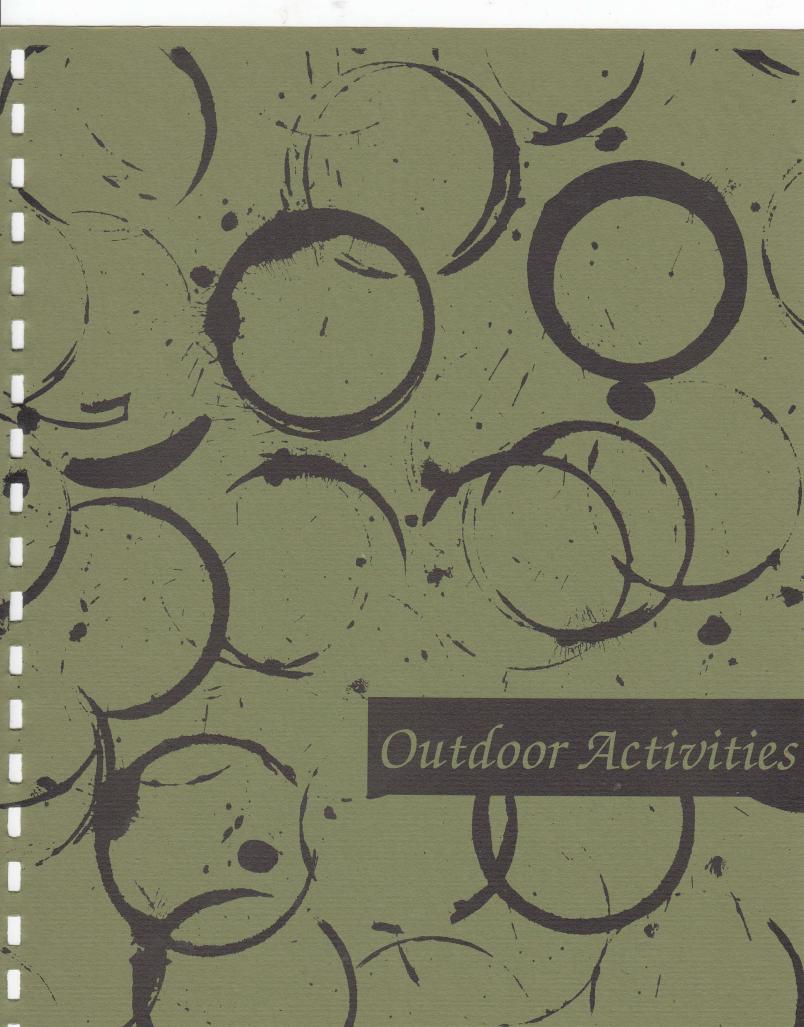


Photo by Mark Bulliet



Summer afternoon summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language.

Henry James

#### Karate



"I want to learn to fight," Isaac said to Paul, the karate instructor, a.k.a. Mr. Clean. Thinking deeply, Paul waited a full minute before responding.

"I will teach you to fight, but first you

must learn discipline."

Isaac responded quickly, "I'll do anything as long as you teach me to fight." Paul told Isaac to come back the next morning at nine o'clock and be ready to work.

The next morning, when Isaac arrived at the tent, Paul told him that it was time to begin training. First off they walked into the woods and Paul told Isaac to chop down a tree with his bare hands. Isaac was unable to even make a mark on the tree. When Paul's turn

came, the tree was shattered on the first try. He did not explain how he did this, although he did mention something about the focus of energy. Next, they went to wood shop, where Paul showed Isaac how to break boards on his head. After many hours of board breaking and rigorous physical training Paul told Isaac that he should come back tomorrow.

Isaac awoke the next morning and realized the whole thing had been a bad dream. After breakfast he walked down to the tent and found Paul teaching some campers how to spar. Having learned that Isaac had no prior karate experience, Paul began teaching him some basic karate techniques. He was on his way to becoming a true karate-ka.

Matt Haicken



#### Pool



American Poolside (to the tune of "American Pie")

A long long time ago, I can still remember when the pool was freezing cold.

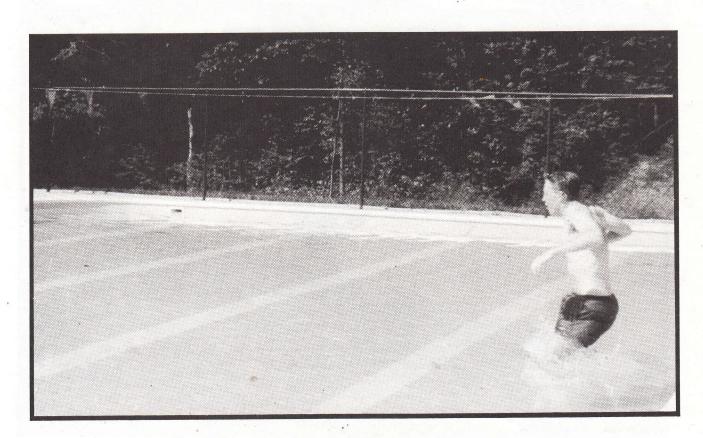
And the next year the sun came out, and all the kids they'd scream and shout, thinking they'd be lucky for a while.

And then the life guards they did shout, "No jumpin', divin' or muckin' about!" Bad news on the poolside, they wouldn't take any more lip.

And I remember how we cried, the day it turned 105 outside. A.J. looked at the pool and sighed, "We've got too many screaming kids inside!" Singing Bye, bye, dear Andy, goodbye, Drove off into the sunset and Paul Prosser said, "Hi,"

A.J. and Caroline drinking chlorine and rye, Singing, this will be the place Jez dies, This will be the place Jez di-i-ies...

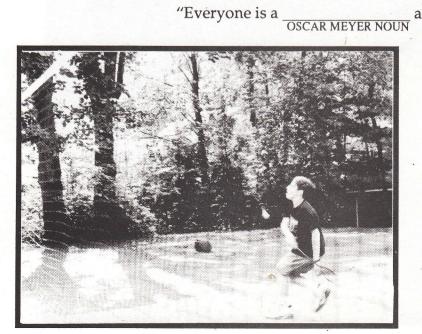
The Poolside Posse





When I got up in the morning at Buck's Rock, I decided to spend my day playing sports. First, I went to play \_\_\_\_\_. However, I couldn't play because Ari Dlugacz was grooming his . Instead, I went to play soccer. Tina and David taught me to kick and head the Once I got these techniques down, I went over to the basketball courts. There I saw SHIRTLESS HAIRY NOUN cooking on a grill. I asked him if I could have a burger, but he said, "No way, little man. I'm too busy eatin' my burgers!" As he said this, he consumed \_\_\_\_\_ hamburgers. When we played basketball, not only did the ball bounce, but so did BIG SWEATY PRIMATE NOUN. I beat Barry at one-on-one, ASTRONOMICAL NUMBER FRACTION After lunch, I went to the ODIFEROUS ADJECTIVE field for a game of triad volleyball. Judy taught me to serve, bump, and POINTY VERB. After I played a game with SOUTHERN FLIRT NOUN Judy, Richard wanted to help me with my form. Fortunately, Josh Danzig had trained me to run the New Milford Eight, so reaching into my immense stamina buildup, I outran Richard to archery. taught me to shoot arrows in more ways than one. After early dinner, I went to the softball field for my \_\_\_\_\_ League game. There I saw hit a homerun that hit a horse in the BALD GOATEE NOUN umping the game.

PROPELLER HEAD NOUN butt. Even thought my team lost, I still had a good time because: at Buck's Rock!"



Daniel "da Fish" Cohen

By the way, to put all of the suspense to an end, all of the names of the Watermelon League teams are Indian (from Asia) languages.

#### Archery



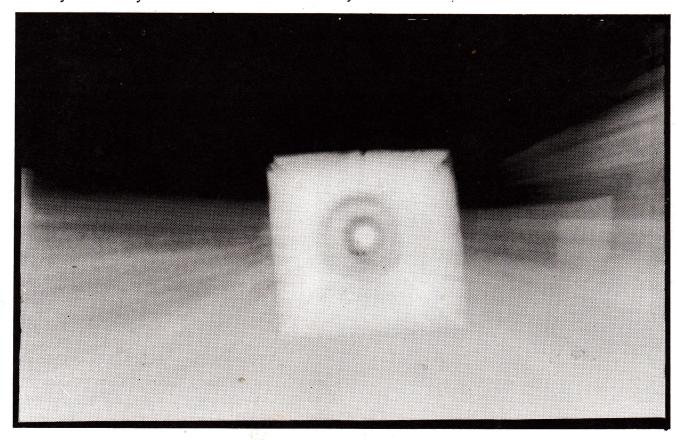
Once there was a caveman who couldn't get close enough to an animal to kill it with his club. So he invented the bow and arrow to shoot the animal from far away. He practiced with his new weapon until he could shoot accurately from a far distance. Later he realized this was much more effective than trying to get close to the animals to kill them. So he taught the other cavemen to teach their children how to use a bow. From the caveman's time to ours it has changed to a sport to teach the kids at Buck's Rock. Archery is a sport to be passed down to future generations so that it will live forever.

Daniel Perlstein

Cupid, garbed in appropriate diaper, slung his trademark bow over his winged back. He flitted over to the Buck's Rock archery field daily from four o' clock to six

o'clock. It was not only for the pleasure of watching Roman; he wanted to practice his skill. He held his bow out with his straightened left arm, and with the valor of an ambivalent knight, plucked an arrow from his quiver and aimed. He released, simultaneously unleashing his lovable fury on the harmless plastic target. The target groaned with euphoric delight and immediately fell completely in love with the first thing it saw: namely, the six-inch patrol, who were cruising around in the depth of the night with their ominous white van and bright strobe light. The target tried hopping over to the van, succeeding only in rustling a little. The patrol investigated it anyway. But to this day, any time a car passes the archery field, you may notice the wishful glance of a longing target, hoping like hell for a Buick Bulls' eye.

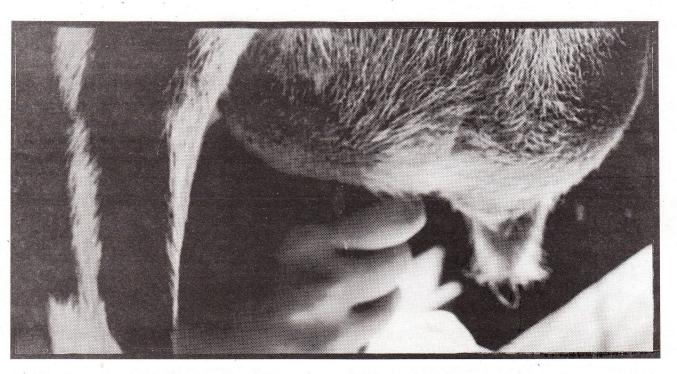
Jennifer L. Rosen



#### **Animal Farm**



YUUUK UUUK



#### Nancy the Calf's Morning

I woke up this morning to Andrea's mooing. She was complaining that she wanted her bottle. I got up and stretched as I walked out of my shack. Then I paced and mooed with my friends Chloe and Fue until the people came. When they finally arrived I watched hungrily as the other calves got their milk and food. At last I got to slurp down all my milk, while my owners muttered something about a Hoover vacuum cleaner. Then one of my owners pushed a bucket of grain in my face, and wouldn't go away until I finished it. Just when I thought I could take a nap, they took me from my pen and tied me to a tree. Then they approached me with a long green snake that sprayed water from its mouth all over me. Next they rubbed blue bubbly stuff all over me and the green snake sprayed it all off. I was shivering so they brought meinto the sunlight. When I was dry they took me back to my pen where I napped in the shade for the rest of the morning.

#### Georgy the Goat's Afternoon

I started my afternoon climbing the rocks with the other goats and lambs. Then my owner came in with a leash, clipped it to my collar and brought me out of my pen. Next, they walked me around the farm. As I was walking, I saw some delicious leaves, but every time I tried to eat them my owner yanked me away. To get back at them, I started to eat their shorts. Then I decided to go over to the benches and jump on top of the chairs. My owner yanked me down saying, "Don't do that!" They dragged me back to my pen, so I chose to take a nap.

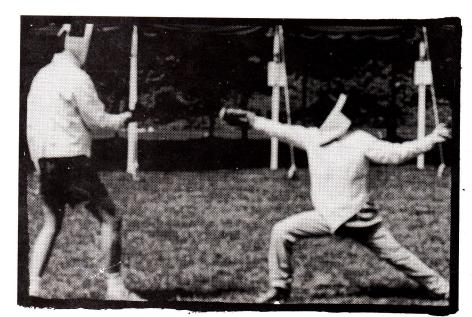
I woke up to someone yelling, "Buckets over your head...Charge!" The other goats tried to take my food, but my owner pulled them away. After the good meal, I laid down for a nap and dreamt about the wonderful day I had.

Jill Birnbaum, Allison Glazer, Marc Mayer, Ariana Moses, Amy Prosen, Maya Swedowsky

LUCK

つこつの大

#### FENCING 5F'93



and much too close. Peter and Dave raced each other, foils in hand. The fencing pavillion rang with the sound of steel on steel. Then, with infinite precision, Peter feinted and lunged. Dave fell back, clutching his chest. His weapon fell to the ground as he fled. His voice floated back: "I'll return, Pete; I will return!"

Peter shrugged, put their weapons in the weapons box, and went back to reading And Straight On Till Morning.

Three days later, a figure, clad all in black with a sabre by his side, strode into the pavillion.

"Are you here to fence?" Peter asked.

The figure did not answer, but put on a fencing jacket and glove, tossed Peter a sabre, and pushed down his mask.

The fray was quick and sharp. The Fencer was an expert with his weapon. Three feints, and he slashed Peter's off hand. As his enemy let down his guard, the heroic fencing instructor lunged. The Fencer parried, but lost his grip on the weapon. It flew off to the side.

The nearest pair of weapons were foils.

Peter grabbed these, throwing one to his opponent. Once again the sound of weapons filled the air. It continued on, neither fencer gaining the upper hand.

During the heat of battle, Peter made his way to the weapons box. As the Fencer stepped back, Peter slashed, knocking the foil flying. Peter discarded his foil, pulling two of his favorite weapon, the epee, from the box. He passed one to the Fencer. Peter immediately

lunged for his opponent's foot. The parry left the Fencer wide open, and Peter lunged again. The Fencer dropped his weapon, clutching at the wound to his heart. He staggered back, fell to his knees, and collapsed.

Two hours later, Dave strode into the fencing pavillion.

"You killed the Night Viper!" he cried. "Who?" asked Peter.

"My champion. There he lies dead." Dave pointed to the corpse.

Peter shrugged. "Sorry."

Dave ran to the weapons box, grabbed a foil, and came en guarde.

"Now you die!"

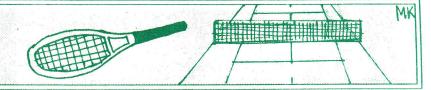
"Put on a mask, Dave," Peter said.

Dave threw a foil at Peter's feet. "Pick up a weapon, Pete," he snarled.

Peter did so. They fought for what seemed like forever. Finally, Dave grabbed his foil in both hands, raised it above his head, and charged. Peter lunged. Dave toppled backwards, clutching at his wound. Peter wiped off his blade and said, "Now go to computers, Dave."

Oliver Sissman

#### **TENNIS**



"Tennis, in the Olympics! It should never be! Tennis is a form of entertainment, not a competition! It's for weak, uneducated losers who have nothing else better to do than to hit a ball back and forth!" Hercules shouted at Zeus, as he tried to decide what great events should be displayed in the first ever Olympics in Athens, Greece.

"I disagree!" Zeus projected from his mouth with great power. "Tennis is a game of strength and power as well as defense and strategy! It should be a sport appreciated as any other. I've decided to accept tennis into the Olympics, as I did with Track and Field, and Freestyle Swimming."

"But who shall teach the competitors, and the young folk who just love to play, oh great and mighty Zeus?" Hercules asked, sarcastically thinking that no one could enjoy and teach such a horrible form of entertainment.

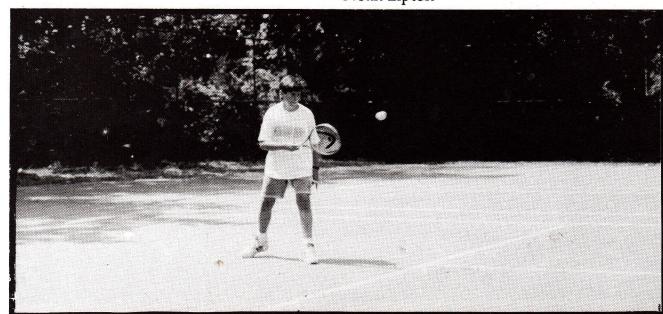
"That's the best part, Hercules. I've called upon three awesome players from another world, who have defeated the best there is. First there is Ari, who has wings on his

sneakers. Then Will, whose serve and volley strategy cannot be avoided, nor defeated. And finally there's Donna, whose speed and stamina is supreme; no serve is able to get by the awesome turn of her hips as well as her shoulders."

And so it was that tennis came to the Olympics. This resulted in the creation of other tournaments solely for tennis, such as Wimbledon and the U.S. and French Opens. These events made tennis even more popular and started a whole series of camps with tennis as one of the major activities, including a camp called Buck's Rock.

It just so happened that Ari, Donna, and Will were not taking part in any tournaments during the summer. So Stan Simon, one of the directors for Buck's Rock (who knew they had great experience) asked them if they would like to teach a group of younger tennis players. Being the kid-loving people that they are, they said, "Yes." To this day, you can find them at Buck's Rock, teaching kids how to serve and turn with their hips. If you would like a lesson, visit the tennis courts. I'm sure they would love to help you.

Noah Lipton



#### Pioneering



There was once an man named Stan who appreciated nature and devoted his life to preserving it. The Emperor who ruled the land of Buck's Rock saw his skills and called upon him.

The Emporer said "Stan you are very wise and your skills can be greatly appreciated by all if you come to Buck's Rock."

Stan replied "Sure I will come, but only if I can bring my two sons Ian and Colin."

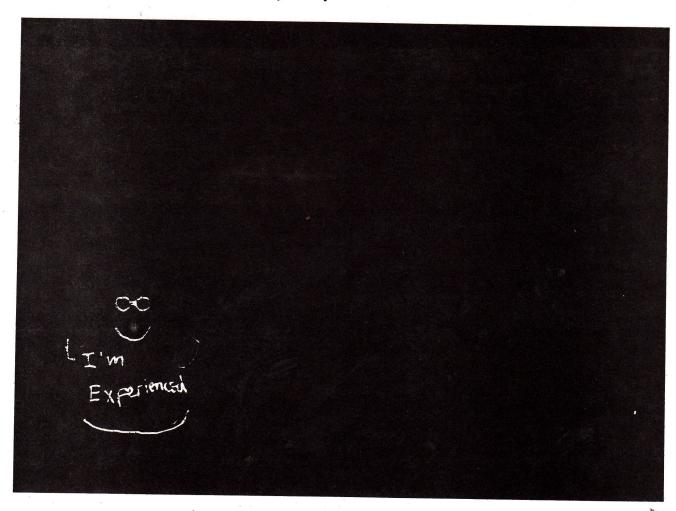
The Emporer, being a nice guy, said okay. When Stan came to the land of Buck's Rock he decided to call the place where he worked "The Pioneering Shop". Twice a week he would take the nobility of Boys' House, Boys' Annex, Boys' Cabins, Boys' Shops, Girls' House, Girls' Annex, Girls' Cabins and Girls' Terrace on camping trips. On these journeys

he would feed the nobility well, tell about his adventures, and of course tell the worst jokes ever heard of. Two or three times a week he would take his fellow men and women spelunking into ancient caves. Once a year he would take his clan to an Indian Reservation Center where they would learn about the Indigenous People's way of life.

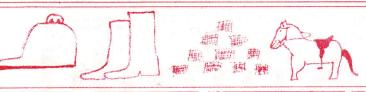
At the end of the year the Emporer said, "Stan you're the man. I want you to come back next year and the next."

Stan replied, "Sure I will come back again because this merry land is very special to me". And everyone lived happily ever after.

Jon Brooks



#### Stables



RIDING HORSES

STABLES HAY BRIDLE



In the beginning, there was light. But after that there were equines, bovines, strychnine, bipeds, canines and slugs. However, we are going to concentrate on equines. Their scientific name is horse. In the stables, you can get close to a horse. You can learn to muck out the stalls, a skill much in demand in today's business environment. Mucking consists of three steps:

- 1) Take a shovel. This is necessary unless you wish to utilize your hands.
- 2) Pick up the muck (with the shovel).
- 3) Dump the muck into the wheelbarrow.

Most importantly, you also ride the horses. Personally, I think there is nothing more exhilarating than sitting on a potentially irate beast which happens to be immensely larger than you and which could easily turn you into an interesting smear on the ground.

In short, riding is fun.

(And remember, I not only ride horses, I also smell like them.)

Philip Sacks and Joshua Schneider

ESS SADD

#### Animal Farm

**Buck's Rock Animal Farm.** Some hear the name and think, "Is it run by humans or pigs?" When I heard the name I thought of a smelly place that I might visit once in a while. Little did I know that the Animal Farm would be the place where I spent most of my days.

The initial meeting. When I came to the farm I was first introduced to the bunnies and the "Tina Turner" chickens (so named for their hair-do). Next I was introduced to the two lambs who had a major dislike for humans. Later I would adopt one of these lambs.

The Hangout. The Animal Farm became a hangout, a nice place to retreat to. Most of the time was spent telling jokes or stories about sibling rivalry. To all of the

"hangout members," the smell of the farm disappeared.

Cow Watch. I never thought I would spend the night waiting for a cow to give birth. Maurice let Danielle Langer, Jody and Sunny Krey, Ellen Latzen, Rachel the CIT, and me raid the canteen that night. We snacked on Cracker Jacks throughout the entire evening. Ellen and I even had them for breakfast at 6 in the morning! Most of us only got an hour of sleep, but it was worth it. I'll never forget what happened when Danielle and Ellen went to check on the cow. The chicks' incubator was shining through the bottom of the barn wall which made the hay look like it was on fire. When we heard this, we all began to panic. Rachel, the dependable CIT, went to check it out and assured us that there was no fire. The cow didn't give birth that night. In fact, it didn't give birth for another week and a day. No one got to see the birth, however, because the people on Cow Watch slept through it.

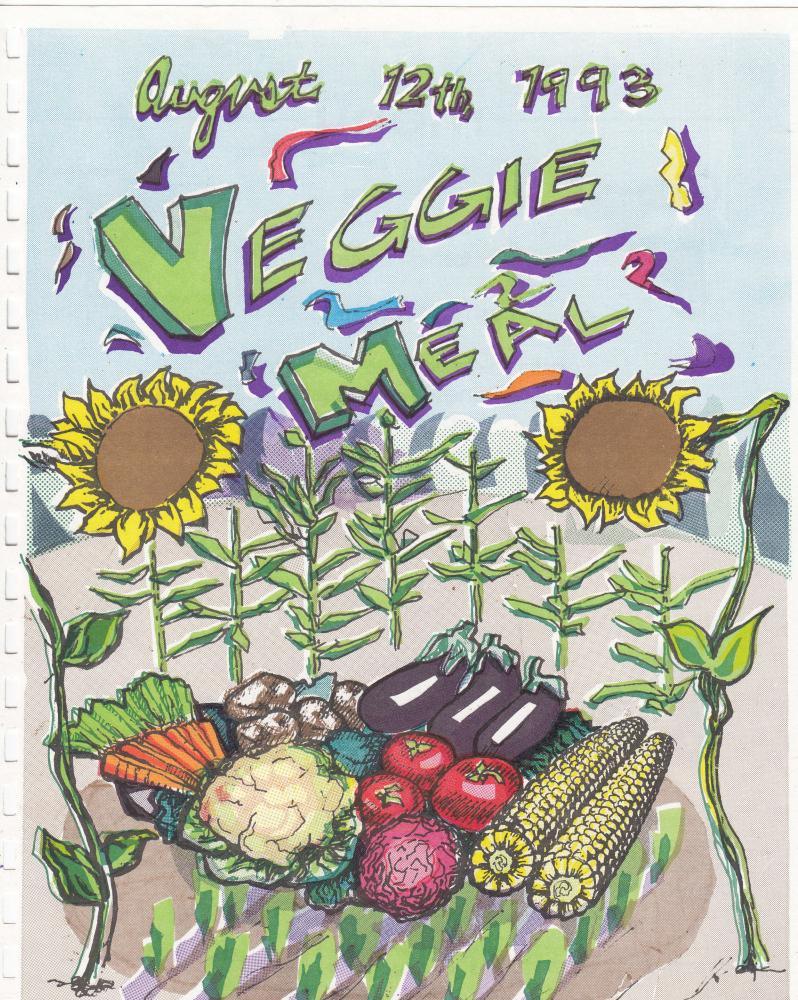
Jody-back-riding, the lasso, and touch football. One day, Jody Krey and Danielle Langer decided to give each other piggy-back rides. Because of her strength, Jody gave rides to everyone, and so Jody-back-riding was born. Ben brought out his lasso and began to teach people how to use it. The water pipe was the usual target although once Danielle and I acted as targets. Then Todd brought out a football and the games began. Touch football soon turned into tackle, but we had lots of fun anyway.

The Lake. Ahh... the good times, the memories, the water in your nose. The Lake was part of the Animal Farm field trip. We ended up spending most of the time trying to dupk Todd (was passed as 11).

trying to dunk Todd (we never succeeded!).

The Animal Show. Oh my gosh! What was I going to do? For most this was the time to show creativity. Whether climbing, playing dead, or dressing up as humans, most agree that the animals performed well. For the category of Best Costume, I dressed up as a lamb, and costumed my lamb as Mary (a twisted version of Mary Had a Little Lamb).

In conclusion, I'd like to say that the Animal Farm was a great place to spend my time at Buck's Rock, and everyone who experienced it enjoyed it immensely.



#### menu



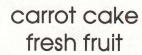
french bread

fresh corn on the cob



pasta salad with fresh vegetables potato salad with newly dug buck's rock potatoes crisp green salad

curry stir fry with tofu
vegetable stir fry with tomato and basil
very excellent brown rice



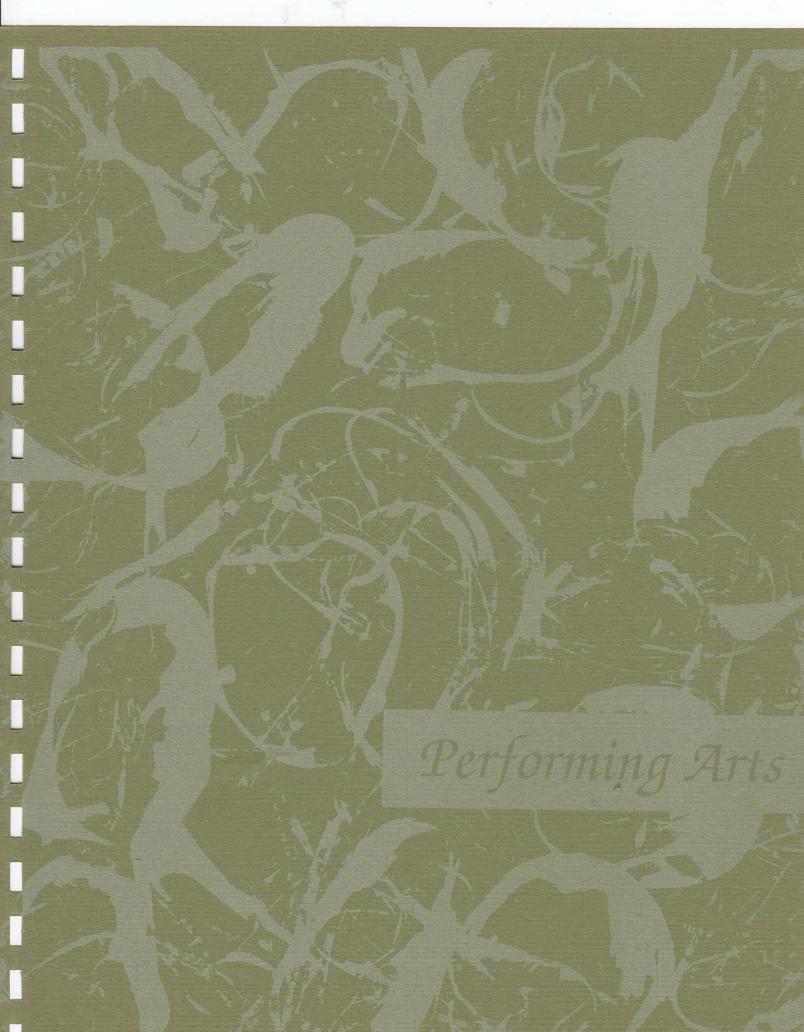
iced tea iced water





very big thanks to: al, brenda and heidi, and all kitchen and dining room staff. ian and chris from pub shop for printing and designing. music shed for various quartet ensembles. clown shop for their puppets! sam and the maintenance crew for all their help and encouragement.





It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!
Oscar Wilde

#### (でClown Shop 日本でではいい)

Once upon a time there lived a boy, Al Gory. Al led a sad meaningless life of toenail picking and SPAM. His dad was a professional whittler and his mom had this thing for cats. One day, while Al was walking along his merry way, he came across the lovely majestic CLOWN SHOP (or Clown Studio, Clown Workshop, Clown Theatre, Clown Mart, or Temporary Camp Prison depending on your preference). Gathering up his pride and slinkees, he entered (in real life wandering into private property and using its facilities is illegal, and you will be arrested, tried, convicted, and forced to eat poison berries all your life so don't do it). Al was met wholeheartedly by our counselors, Erica H.O.S. (Head O' Shop), Martina J.A.E. (Juggling,

Acrobatics, Etc.), Sam P.E. (Props Expert), Shana T.B.R (Taco Bell Runner), Charlie F.O.B (Friend O' Bill), our J.C.'s Jodi and Emily S.N.F. (Still Not Fired!), and the best C.I.T's east of the Rio Grande, D'avid, M'arc, F'ish, D'Arcy, and M'ike.

In the Clown Shop, Al spent his days prentending he was in a box, making Shakespeare characters out of fruit, diaboloing, and performing in our clown shows <u>Cup A' Joe</u> and the clown version of <u>Alice in Wonderland</u>. From then on, Al led a contented life, filled with bliss.

But sometimes he has dreams of mutant goats.



#### Light & Sound Design

Take A Trip On L.S.D.

A long, long time ago, there was no question about who moved benches; it was the actors. Later, the task was passed on to Set Design. After many years of Set Design handling the job, the unthinkable happened—Set passed the job on to L.S.D. Now L.S.D., unwillingly yet under Satan's command, moves benches. We move benches quite often, as represented here in our po-em.

¿Mooooooo? Move benches.

**9:00 a.m.** Who wrote this graffiti? Hola! Effy. Move benches.

Let's go to Costume! Who invited actors to the pits?

Is Matt Set or L.S.D.? No work until 2:00? Take early lunch.

Bagel day! Bagel day! Bagel day! Move benches.

2:00 p.m. No cars available? Up to the roof. ¿Is Effy really Spanish?

Cough. Cough. What's that smell Effy? Why can't the amps come out of the radio case? I think we'll need a car for that. Work at 4:30? Why does Maurice always need more than we have?

**4:30 p.m.** Still no cars? Move benches! I love these headsets.

Why did the Hafler and the SAE blow out at the same time?

Early dinner. We have tech at 6:15. Yeah right ¿Who gets Eff's keys

when he dies? Stay up late? Finally, a car! Move benches.

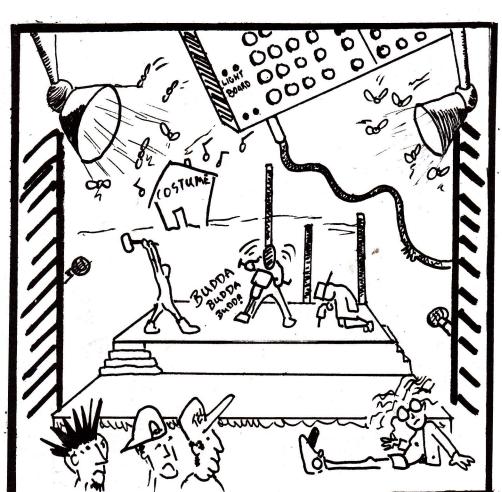
**12:00 a.m.** I better go back or Barry will kill me!

**1:00 a.m.** O.K., I'm leaving now. Goodnight. Move benches.

See you at 9:00 a.m. sharp! Yeah, right. Move benches. ¿Mooooo?

P.S. - If all the world's a stage, then techies are gods.

Adam Berson with help from Adam Segal & Jeremy Getz



#### Set Design



"It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses which were so thick that they were matted together....It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life....But she was inside the wonderful garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world of her own.... She did not know anything about gardening..."

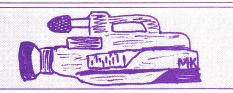
Frances Hodgson Burnett, The Secret Garden

Set design is a lot like The Secret Garden. It can be unlocked by campers just as the garden is accessed by Mary, since only they have the key to discover its secrets. Once unlocked, however, the shop, like the garden, reveals many treasures. The staff members are much like the plants and trees of the Secret Garden. They come alive if campers who come are interested in working in the shop, just as Mary is interested in the vegetation of her secret. Rich Dunham (Scene Designer), Michael Venning (Master Carpenter), Matt Smith (Carpenter/Painter/Stage Manager), Julie Dobson (Carpenter / Painter) and Emma Lunt (Carpenter / Painter) all come alive when campers enter the magical set design shop.

Campers don't need to have any knowledge, only interest in building, designing, or painting, much like Mary's feeling toward her garden. The Set Design shop is very busy, and its products are only temporary, since the staff must build sets for shows only to take them down soon after the performance. They have built sets for ten different shows, including Love, Death, and the Prom, Macbeth, Animal Farm, Midsummer Night's Dream, God and Death, Snap Judgments, As You Like It, The Inspector Hound & The Fifteen Minute Hamlet, Women and Wallace, and Grease. The treasures discovered by both Mary and the campers are tremendous. Just as Mary finds a whole new world which she shapes by her gardening, the campers design and build worlds for theater productions.

Andrew J. Mirsky

#### Video Shop



















Once upon a time, there was (and still is) a pseudo-magical (or semi-magical if you prefer) place where there lived a few magicians who possessed a lot of heavy machinery. Whether or not this was how they carried out their magic, we know not. It was called the Video Shop, and the magicians were David "the Grotellian" Grotell, Paul " not the Melman" Gibson, Jeff "that's Jeffrey!" Paul Bobrick, Matt "not Bob" Velick, and David "I am not an ass" Gilbert. With the magic they possessed, they could turn mere ideas into big budget...well, budgeted movies. One might scoff at this, and say, "Ha! I shall mercilessly trod these buffoons under foot." But not many have. For underneath the twisting pelvis of our resident dancer Mr. Bobrick, and the overall quirky attitude of Paul, there is a well-oiled machine at work. It might be working on diesel; maybe on petrol;

maybe even on Jolt Cola. We just don't know. What we do know is that these valiant few have worked day and night to transfer people's ideas to the big...er, small screen. So, an ovation indeed for these wonderful guys. Our Video Shop. Among the works of good witchery done here on the famed editing machinery: "The Last of the Moronics," a spoof on, what else? Included in the stew of most imaginative videos were: "Dare to be Stupid," a music video, and "The Secret Ingredient," a wacky mad scientist tale with a twist, and "Gone," a really fab look into a metaphor for life. So get thee to this shop with all speed, imaginative people. knows?...you may inherit the magic yourself...

Abe Goldfarb



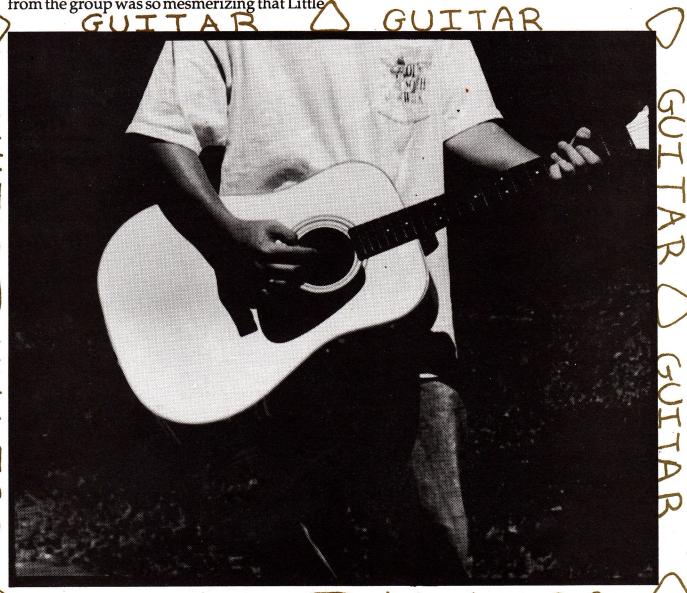
Little Sonny had nowhere to go. He was lost. He couldn't go to Wood because someone was on the lathe; Glass, of course, was out of the question. Lonely, distraught, with no place to go, he roamed through camp.

It was a beautiful day at Buck's Rock. The whole camp was bathed in glorious sunlight, with a gentle breeze to cool everyone off.

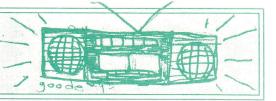
Little Sonny wandered through camp until he came to the lawn where Dan, Matt, Ivan, Martin, Colin, Eric and Eric, and Dylan were playing their guitars. Mike Ritchie and Mike Rubin were also there. The sound coming from the group was so mesmerizing that Little Sonny ran up the hill to listen. Upon his arrival, the guitarists smashed their guitars into little pieces and ate them instead of cookies. This ritual became known as snack fest, a division of guitar shop. He was told to pick up a guitar and follow along. It was hard for him to follow along at first but in time he became an excellent guitarist.

For the rest of his camp life Little Sonny came to jam everyday at three o'clock.

Matt "Guitar" Haicken



#### WBBC



by Ben Flaccus

Once, a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, existed a place called Buck's Rock, and orbiting this planet was a space station called the S.S. WBBC. Aboard this station were Captain Roger Bailey, First mate Napisi Nimmanahaeminda, and a crew of ensigns.

Their mission... to bring good music to the population of Buck's Rock.

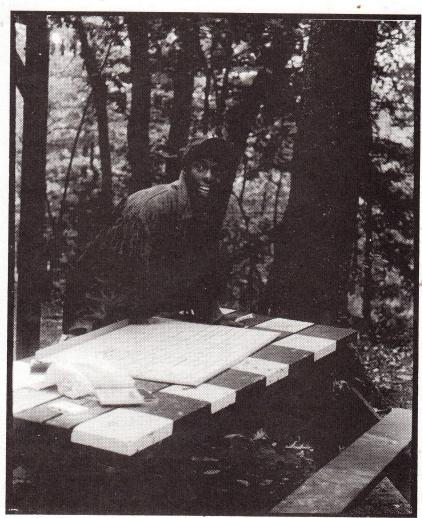
Their enemies. . . commanders Luke Russel of Silk Screen, Bob Dicke of Publications and James Duprée of Painting, who would constantly turn off their radio transmitters and thus deny the citizens of their sectors the pleasure of listening to W.B.B.C.

#### Stardate R0823B

A scout party headed by Napisi was sent out to investigate the problem. Unfortunately they were intercepted by the Forces of Evil. The S.S. WBBC lost crew member Napisi and many ensigns. New recruits arrived, however, and the S.S. WBBC was saved. A new party was sent out under a cloaking device and managed to override the enemies' jammers, and to convince citizens to revolt against the Evil leaders.

#### Stardate B0501F

Although Napisi and the rest of the captured ensigns were not found, planet Buck's Rock may now enjoy the music and variety shows WBBC is known for.



#### Theatre



If you go to the rehearsal stage on a clear night, swing naked on the vine and chant "LOVE DEATH AND THE PROM" backwards three times, you will be immediately hurled through a tunnel of GREASE into the world of Buck's Rock Theatre. Though you might think this is just A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, we can assure you are perfectly awake. Buck's Rock's Theatre is a place where GOD is dead and DEATH is funny. You can dress like a pig at the ANIMAL FARM and be taken seriously. HAMLET can be performed in FIFTEEN MINUTES and MACBETH in three days! And though you may find more WOMEN around than men, WALLACE will be there to show all you guys the ropes. So come AS YOU LIKE IT to the Summer Theatre or the Actor's Studio and enjoy the "Wacky Wild Kool-Aid Style" of **Buck's Rock Theatre!** 

Signing off for 1993, WE'LL MISS YOU!

Joelle "Tonight's My Night" Yudin

Jackie "More Saran Wrap?" Weiss

Serena "Tally Mark" Silver

Marisa "I Can't Believe I'm Wearing This" Kurtzman

Gina "Do I Have To Kiss Tuck Again" Hirsch

Jen "Snowball" Ballin

...and our JC's and Directors...

Jesse "Flip Flop" or (flashback) "I'm So Upset!" Bonderman

Marisa "I Could Have Been Working At Caesar's Palace" Ross

Joelle "Her Name Is Chelsea" Re Arp

Rose "Up All Night And Still Smiling" Bonczek

Steve "Coffee Please" Ansell

Jeff "Fuzzy Head" Turner

and FRED!!!!!!!!!



#### Costume Shop

Deep in the heart of Summer Theatre's enchanted forest, were locked six beautiful maidens, who spent their days creating their own world of make-believe. They were Anastasia, with lips of cherry red, hair rumored to be spun of gold, and a heart to match; Phillipania, the virtuous wood nymph as fresh as the morning dew; Nafiserella, whose warm and welcoming bosom of mother nature nurtured needy spirits from lands unknown; Jeany, with warm rosy cheeks and crystal blue eyes, fair in temperament and just to all; Helenopa, with the figure of an hourglass, filled to the brim with pure, timeless spirit, and swimming with colors of wonder not found in the common world; and Barbarella, with light foot steps, rumored to be the daughter of grace intended.

Locked away, the maidens were lonely save daily visits from sympathetic villagers. But visitors were never allowed to stay too long, because the maidens couldn't be dis-

tracted from their work sewing clothes for all the royal actors. The maidens were sad and longed for freedom. Little did they know how soon their chance would come.

After almost a year of captivity and slave labor, a foreign prince came through Theatre's domains. Before long he paid the maidens a visit and, entranced with their beauty, vowed that he would save them from their plight. He had a very simple plan, but he would not tell the maidens what it was for fear that a spy might hear him. All he said was that they should not go to sleep, and that they should watch at the window for white wings.

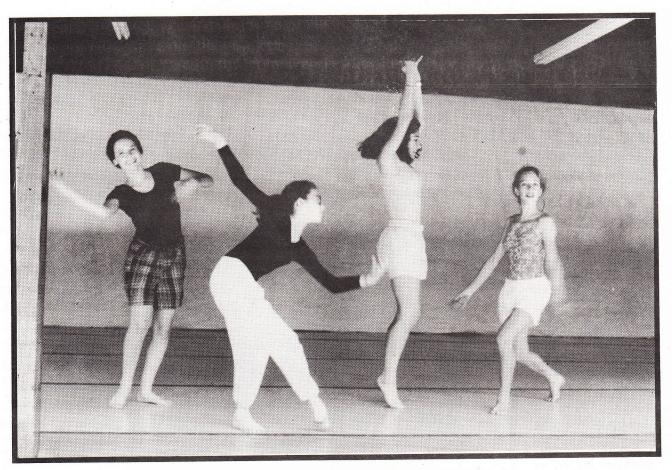
Sure enough, that very night they saw the white wings through the window. It was the prince's magical pet moth. The maidens climbed on its back and rode to freedom.

Barbara Janovsky



#### Dance





Carla, Flora and Amanda, reporting for The Buck's Rock Times, noticed odd sounds emanating from the dance studio the other day. Cautiously peering in, they viewed adept females lurking around in a small wooden and rubber building. These women were moving in obscurity and belting out random sounds like "Breathe," "That's not it!" and "Again, do it again!" They seemed to be doing strange things with their extremities, flailing their limbs and making pounding noises on the floor in their return to earth. With daring dreams of Radio City just out of reach, they screamed out of their beaten bodies, "We're gonna go further!"

There were only a few people of the male persuasion who even dared to enter the dance domain, and even then they couldn't be roused to join forces with the women and

perform. Todd, the only true dancing man (dances as fast as he can) was drawn in by this evil and powerful force. Kristin tried to free him from the clutches of Neeya Byrd, but her fruitless attempts just got her sucked in as well. Neeya, with her Beau and arrow, tranquilized campers and dragged them by their ears into the studio, where she got them to perform in her pieces. Julia, the red-head (right?) and Meredith (known for her tendencies to lend herself to theatre)—the valiant J.C.'s and the only non-southern staff, used their dancing powers to help the frightened campers enter our strange world of fantasy. The summer has gone well. By the way, has anyone seen our CIT's??

Carla, Flora and Amanda-helpful and loyal campers

#### **MUSIC**



In the year 2093, the world was a quiet and joyless place. The heartless and tone-deaf ruler had banned music forever, upon penalty of death. None of the children had ever heard music, but there were hushed whispers of a place, well-guarded by the abuses of time. A place where life was both exciting and abundant with creativity, 2 o'clock meant jazz, and choruses sounded "like buttah." The children set out on a long and perilous journey to find this place.

After ten months of fruitless searching, willed on by faint strains of beautiful music being played in the distance, they finally came upon their magical destination - The Music Shed. The fearless leader of the rebel group, Jay Hassan, often

respectfully referred to as "Nassah Yaj", greeted them and invited them to enter.

Inside, seated in the center of a pool of varied instruments, was a strange being, halfman, half-loungelizard. He introduced himself as Ted "The Razor" Masur. Around him Charles Bayne, Jeremy and Zach Burd, and Mitch Wexler jammed. Hovering above the piano was the omnipresent piano god, Mike James, donning a softball bat and cute smile. Suddenly, the music stopped and everyone looked at the sky. With saxophone in hand and his cape fluttering in the wind, Steve Alford swooped down from the sky. Donna Wissinger, Mairi Dorman, Emma Roberts and CIT Nora Harris stared in amazement, nearly

dropping their instruments.

Recovering from the interruption, the music was renewed. This time it was the melodious harmonizing of human voices, molded by Anna Bartos and Sarah Egan and led by Erika "Crunchy" Blumberg and her CIT's, Lili Kalish, Allegra Bartko, and Charlotte "FMLEFFFF" Vuarnesson. This was a concept which was revolutionary to the children, who had never been taught to do anything with

their voices but

speak.



Suddenly, the children were overwhelmed by an urge to leave the shed. They walked in the direction of a large porch where the sounds of strumming could be heard as the guitar-

ists, led by Dan Seiden, Martin Lenahan and their overworked but loyal CIT, Colin Schleifer, engaged in a strange percussion bonding ritual called "Snackfest".

The day wore on, and the children drifted towards Boys' Annex, where Erika Blumberg and Ivan Rubenstein-Gillis, leaders of a splinter rebel group called the FMLF (Folk Music Liberation Front) sang folk greats of times past. Tired but happy after their adventure, the children had fallen in love with the Music Shed. They decided they would stay there forever... or at least until Festival.

Lili Kalish, Bess Oransky, and Carolyn James



#### Love, Death, and the Prom

written by Jon Jury

Directed by Jeff Turner Assistant Director: Marisa Ross

#### Cast:

Master of Ceremonies: Isaac Butler

Reverse English

Barbara - Maggie Thom Monti - Reisha Goldman Billy Bob - Matt Velick

#### Commercial Break

Dick - Rob Saranchak
Jane - Elizabeth A. Sroka
Ensemble #1 - Josh Faught
Ensemble #2 - Isaac Butler
Ensemble - Maria Taylor
Ensemble - Rachel Goodman
Ensemble - Alex Rankin Macgill
Ensemble - Merritt Birnbaum

Being a Boy

Monologue - Rachel Goodman

Logical Conclusion

Mark - Joelle Yudin Skip - Rachel Goodman Art - Jessie Scheinzeit Tom - Emily Ryan Lerner Jason - Reisha Goldman

Locked Doors

Monologue - Josh Faught

Millions

Samantha - Emily Ryan Lerner Ellen - Merritt Birnbaum Blood

Annette - Nancy Asher Lola - Jackie Weiss Marsha -Alex Rankin Macgill

**Nightstream** 

Jason - Owen Lewis Suzi - Caitlin Moon

Cheating

Ellen - Joelle Yudin Donna - Sarah Goffstein Betts - Jessie Scheinzeit Wanda - Maria Taylor The Rules

Carl - Matt Fantaci Linda - Maggie Thom

**Wandering Mendican Poet Guitar Guy**Dylan Roddick

The Prom

Jennifer - Nancy Asher Wanda - Caitlin Moon Jack - Matt Velick Don - Matt Fantaci Zan - Sarah Goffstein Dora - Jackie Weiss Max - Owen Lewis

**Being a boy** written by Rachel Goodman **Locked Doors** written by Emily Ryan Lerner, *Ieff Turner, and Isabelle Grimshaw* 

#### **Production staff:**

Production Manager - Matt Smith
Set Design- Richard Dunham
Master Carpenter - Mike Venning
Set Construction - Matt Smith, Julie Dobson,
Emma Lunt
Sound Designer - Eff Henriquez
Sound Engineer - Catherine Willding
Sound Board Operator - Adam Segall

Light Designer - Karen Wood

LSD Crew

Mike Sells Dan Bridge Alan Cox Adam Detsky Adam Segall Jordan Eber Jeremy Goetz Costume Design

Janine Chisolm
Helen McInnes
Sherri Hazzard
Phillipa Virde
Danielle Langer
Jody Krey
Sunny Krey
Anne Cloudman

Special Thanks To:

Rose Bonczeck, Steve Ansell, Joelle Re Arp, Wonder Costume Women, Jesse Bonderman, Jen Ballin, Marisa Kurtzman, Gina Hirsch, Serena Silver, Dillon McKey, the Directors, and Ernst.



#### **MACBETH**

Directed By Stephen Ansell
Assistant Directed by Jesse Bonderman
Choreographed by Meredith Krantz

Stage Managed by Gina Hirsch

Duncan- Abe Goldfarb Donalbain- David Hanlon Malcolm- Amos Kenigsberg Macbeth- Michael Copeland Banquo- David Iserson Macduff- AdamTeicholz Lennox- David Gilbert Ross- Malka Fenyvesi Menteth- Raphael Kasen Angus- David Kornhaber Doctor- Wiley Bowen Seyward- David Fishkin Young Seyward- John Levy Son of Macduff- Daniel Cohen Lady Macduff- Serena Silver Gentlewoman-Elizabeth Sroka Seyton-Zoë Levy A Porter- Michael Ajerman Lady Macbeth- Naomi Bernstein Hecat- Jackie Weiss Witch 1- Marisa Kurtzman Witch 2- Sarah Hirshan Witch 3- Rebecca Weinberger Murderer- Michael Roth Fleance-Jason Klein Costume Designers- Helen McInnes, Janine Chisholm Costume Crew-Philippa Virden, Nafisa Shaikh, Anna Giddings, Stephanie Obodda, Liz Rosenfeld

Light Board Operator- Jeremy Getz
Sound Designer- Eff Henriquez,
Catherine Willding
Sound Board Operator- Adam Berson
Assistant Sound Board OperatorAlan Cox

Lighting Designer- Karen Wood

LSD Crew- Mike Sells, Dan Bridge,
Adam Segal (explosives expert),
Alan Cox, Adam Berson,
Adam Detsky, Jordan Eber,
Jeremy Getz

Set Designer- Richard Dunham
Set Crew- Emma Lunt, Julie Dobson,
Michael Venning (Master Carpenter),
Matt Smith, Alan Cox.

Special Thanks to:

Rose Bonczek, Jeff Turner, Joelle Re Arp,
Marisa Ross, Joelle Yudin, Jackie Weiss,
Serena Silver, Gina Hirsch, Marisa Kurtzman,
Jen Ballin, The Clowns, Video, Pub, Fencing,
Shana Hack, Maurice, Barry Tropp,
Chelsea Dunham, the office, the Directors,
Fred (The Fish),
and, of course, Ernst.

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more. It is a tale Told by an idiot full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing." (V.5.24.)

Buck Rock's Camp • New Milford CT • 06776

Cast note: Macbeth is a play about power, greed, and the human condition. Its themes are as timeless as its writing. We have set our version of the play in a possible future where man's avarice has left the world desolate and decaying.

A small note about Shakespeare:

William Shakespeare wrote his plays for performing not for reading. Purists wanting to see a period costume version of this play will be sadly disappointed. In the true spirit of Shakespeare we have tried to pay homage to his creativity by being creative ourselves. Please enjoy our show.

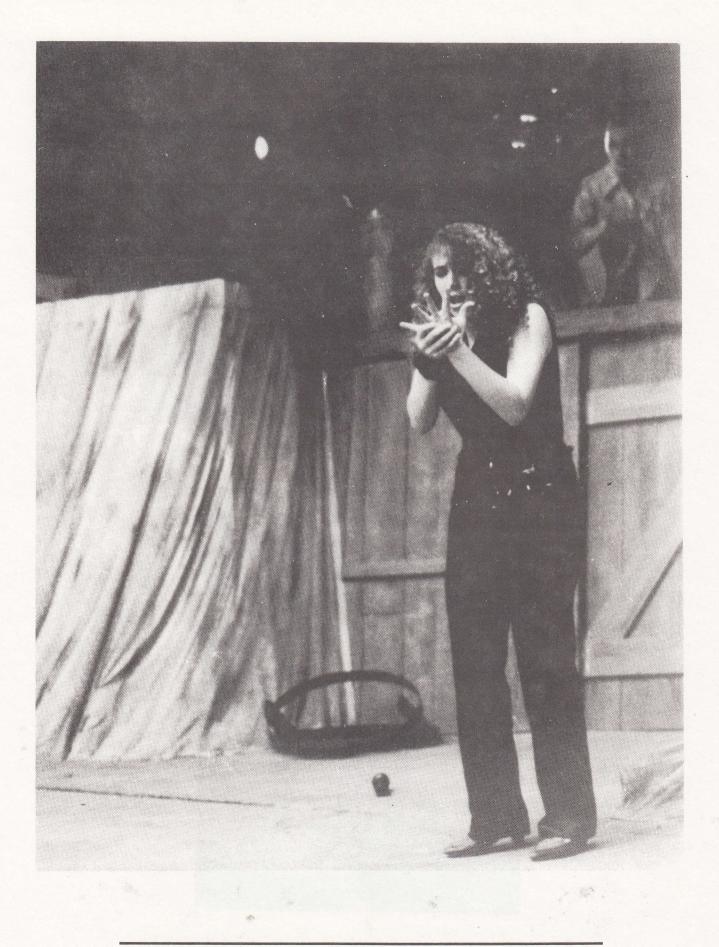


Photo by Kate Fried





## Special Thanks To

to Tia Keenan for the banners Mike Venning for the flag the amazing Clown Shop Jesse David Bonderman the Ceramics Shop and the inchworm! The Animal Farm Marisa Kurtzman Peggy Schaffer Robert Burnett Joelle Re Arp the Directors Jackie Weiss Anna Bartos Todd Berger Fred the Fish Joelle Yudin Steve Ansell Jeff Turner Silkscreen Emst

"Once we were happy in our own country and we were seldom hungry, for then the two-leggeds and the four -leggeds lived together like relatives, and there was plenty for them and for us."



BUCK'S ROCK ROAD • NEW MILFORD CT 06776

# GEORGE ORWELL'S ANIMAL FARM

Music Director - Erika Blumberg Assistant Director Serena Silver With Lyrics by Adrian Mitchell And Music by Richard Peaslee Stage Manager Marisa Ross Directed by Rose Bonczek Adapted by Peter Hall

Jesse Blumberg - Old Major/Farmer/Dog/Mr. Pilkington Jason Klein- Mr. Jones/Pig#2 Gina Hirsch - Napoleon Ellen Latzen - Narrator Lili Kalish - Clover

Eric Rosenfield - Squealer Athena Perry - Benjamin Rosie Benton - Muriel

Samantha Franco - Hen/Farmer/Horse Siobhan Lockhart - Mollie/Dog/Hen Anna Shneiderman - Cow#1/Farmer Erin Fogel - Cow #2/Sheep/Farmer

Beth Kalisch - Hen/Sheep Jessica Dee - Boxer

Jen Ballin - Snowball/Mr. Whymper

Tanya Brown - Moses/Farmer/Dog/Hen Ariana Moses - Sheep/Hen Celine Mestel - Cat/Hen Malina Brown - Sheep

Jennifer Rosen - Minimus/Hen #1

Suzanne Feigelson - Sheep

Alex Rich - Pig #1/Farmer

## Production Staff

Set Construction - Matt Smith, Julie Dobson, Emma Lunt Sound Designer - Catherine Willding Sound Board Operator - David Kraft Light Board Operator - Jordan Eber Master Carpenter - Mike Venning Sound Engineer - Eff Henriquez Set Design - Richard Dunham Light Designer - Dan Bridge

#### LSD Crew

Adam Detsky Alan Cox Mike Sells Jordan Eber Adam Segai Karen Wood

Jeremy Getz

## Mask Design and Construction Crew

	Shana Hack	Jodi Sherman	<b>Emily Salzfass</b>	Martina Peter	Sam Hack	Erica Babad
cast members!	and many helpful	Erin Fogel	Marc Mayer	Robin Miller	Joey Zeltzer	Katrina Herz

### Costume Design

Anna Giddings Danielle Langer Jody Krey
---

Anne Cloudman



## A Midsummer Night's Dream

Directed By Jeff Turner

Assistant Director: Jesse Bonderman

### The Cast:

Theseus - Brett Kizner
Hippolyta - Kate Trenkle
Egeus - Joseph Diamond
Philostrate - Marc Mayer
Hermia - Danielle Dreilinger
Helena - Marisa Kurtzman
Lysander - Eric Hirsch
Demetrius - Amos Keningsberg
Bottom - David Gilbert
Quince - Mike Roth

Flute - Owen Lewis
Snout - Matt Velick
Robin - Matt Haicken
Snug - Jon Brooks
Puck - John Levy
Oberon - David Hanlon
Titania - Liz Rosenfeld
Peaseblossom - Alicia Horowitz
Cobweb - Julie Gilberg
Moth - Stephanie Obodda
Mustardseed - Rebecca Weinberger

### **Costume Designers:**

Janine Chisholm Helen McInnes

### Costume Crew:

Anna Giddings Nafisa Shaikh Philippa Virden Barbara Janovsky

### Sound Designers:

Eff Henriquez Adam Segal Adam Berson



### Set Designer:

Rich Dunham

### Set Crew:

Mike Venning Matt Smith Julie Dobson Emma Lunt

### **Lighting Designer:**

Karen Wood

### LSD Crew:

Mike Sells Dan Bridge Josh Lietner Jeremy Getz Adam Detsky

### Special Thanks To:

Rose Bonczek, Steve Ansell, Joelle Ré Arp, Marisa Ross, Joelle Yudin, Gina Hirsch, Serena Silver, Jen Ballin, Jackie Weiss, Chelsea the baby (not the presidents daughter), Fred, The Clown Shop. The Pub (and their Pubbies), Beau Rich, The Directors and of course Ernst.

Cover by Marc Mayer
Program layout by Brett Kizner & Shelly Wynecoop
Printed by Brett Kizner, Ian Jackson.

## DEATH

(deth), n. 1. the act of dying; the end of life. 2. the state of being dead. 3. extinction; destruction.

(god), n. l. the creator and ruler of the universe; Supreme Being. 2. one of several immortal powers presiding over world affairs.

COD

## DEATH

Directed by Steve Ansell Assistant Director: Jackie Weiss Stage Manager: Marisa Kurtzman

### **CAST**

Kleinman - David Tuchmann Hacker - Jackie Weiss Henry - Marisa Kurtzman Don - Joelle Yudin Hank - Marc Zeltzer Al - Jennifer Ballin Sam - Ellen Latzen John - Lili Kalish Victor - Malka Fenyvesi Anna - D'Arcy Harrison Doctor - Stephan Bondell Gina - Gina Hirsch Woman - Allegra Bartko Cop - Michael Copeland Bill - Zoe Levy Frank - Tanya Brown Assistant - David Iserson Spiro - Matt Fantaci Abe - Jason Klein Maniac - Abe Goldfarb

### **CREW**

Sound Design - Catherine Willding
Lighting Design - Mike Sells
Sound Operation - Adam Segal
Light Opperation - Jeremy Getz
Costumes - Nafisa Shaikh &
Jamine Chisholm
Transportation - Eva Levinson
Fish - Neptune's Clam House

HELPFUL HINT: DON'T BOIL WOOLENS!

### V2 V HVIK BKODNCL CKI2CO DOE2 NOT MOKK HELPFUL HINT:

The cast would like it known that the plays you are about to see have been edited to be made more appropriate for our diverse audience. Every attempt has been made to retain the author's theatrical and comic intent. The company—of the show is totally opposed to censorship.

### **CAST NOTE**

Rose Bonczek, Joelle Ré Arp, Jeff Turner, Marisa Ross, Jesse Bonderman, Woody & Mia, Barry Tropp, Jeff Samuels, The Directors for their trust and sense of humor, Ernst, Pub, Shelly & Sandro"Spiro" Weiss, Will Haycocks (from deep in our hearts, we thank you... for it all), Mike all of Boy's House, Willy Russell, Fred the Fish and, of sourse, the office (we are truly sorry we have neglected to course, the office (we are truly sorry we have neglected to thank you previously, we are evil and should be shot.)

### SPECIAL THANKS

Malka Fenyvesi Serena Silver, Gina Hirsch, Redecca Weinderger, Ellen Latzen, Greek Chorus - Marisa Kurtzman, Western Union Delivery Boy - ? King - Jason Klein Guard - Marc Zeltzer Wendy F. - Jennifer Ballin Bob F.- Matt Fantaci Master, Woman - Lili Kalish Blanche DuBois - Jackie Weiss Woman (in audience) - Tanya Brown Lorenza Miller - Allegra Bartko Man, Stanley - Stefan Bondell Bursitis - Zoe Levy Trichinosis - David Tuchmann Woody's Voice - Abe Goldfarb Maid, Prompter, Doctor - D'Arcy Harrison Doris - Joelle Yudin Writer - David Iserson Actor - Michael Copeland

TSAC



# RODUCTION STAFF

Master Carpenter - Michael Venning Set Designer - Rich Dunham Matt Smith Set Crew -

Julie Dobson

Emma Lunt

Costume Designer - Phillipa Virden

Janine Chisholm Costume Crew -

Helen McInnes

Anna Giddings Nafisa Shaikh

Barbara Janovsky

Lighting Designers - Ian Schliefer and Jordan Eber Light Board Operator - Karen Wood

Sound Designer - Eff Henriquez

Sound Board Operator - David Kraft

Karen Wood

Mike Sells Alan Cox Adam Detsky

Adam Segal

Adam Berson

leremy Getz

# ne following young playwrites all contributed scenes: Kathy Preher, Sara VanArsdale, Amy Driester,

Andrew Kincade, Hal Friedman, Meghan Love, Malissa Taylor, Omar Shawkat, Wesley Ramsey.

## Special Thanks To:

in,Gina Hirsch, Serena Silver, Jackie Weiss, Marisa Kurtzman, re Ansell, Rose Bonczek, Jeff Turner, Marisa Ross, Joelle

edith Krantz, Fred, Fencing, the Dance Studio, the Animal Farm, ee, Rhonda, Mairi, Julie, and all other babysitters, the Directors, Clown Shop, Fencing, the Pub, the Office Staff, Chelsea,



Snap Judgements

by Many Young Authors,

# SNAP JUDGEMENTS

Directed by Joelle Ré Arp Assistant Directed by Jen Ballin` and Jesse Bonderman Stage Managed by Matt Smith

## Snickers I

Darlene - Jane Needleman David - Richard Scott

Scene Change 1
Merritt Birnbaum
Alex Rich

## **Different Similarities**

Andrea - Andrea Kornstein Dawn - Ali Flack Brock - Ben Flaccus

## Scene Change 2 Elizabeth A. Sroka

## Byron and Malachi

Byron - Hal Friedman Malachi - Siobhan Lockhart

## Scene Change 3 Jane Needleman

## Snickers II

Darlene - Jane Needleman David - Richard Scott

## Scene Change 4 Ariella Bar-Nissim

## The Adventures of A, B, and C

A - Ian Schliefer
B - Becky Drysdale
C - Abe Goldfarb

## Scene Change 5 Alex Rich Daniel Blake

## To Be Announced

Written by Hal Friedman Adam - Hal Friedman Mom - Ariella Bar-Nissim Elizabeth A. Sroka

## Scene Change 6 Jane Needleman

Snickers IV

David - Richard Scott

Darlene - Jane Needleman

## Snickers lii

Darlene - Jane Needleman David - Richard Scott

Andrea Kornstei

Scene Change

Alex Rich

## Home for the Holidays

Sarah - Erin Fogel Lindsay - Marisa Escolar Mom - Chelsy Schneider

Carly Fogel

Scene Change
Diana Metrick

## Scene Change

## Warm-Up

Kim - C.C. Gallagher Tania - Meredith Mandell Katie - Marcie Silver Cindy - Ellen Latzen

> Diana Metrick Carly Fogel

# There's No Winner in a Tie Game Scene Change

Female 1 - Amanda Diamondstein Female 2 - Caroline Smith Male 1 - Raphael Kasen Male 2 - Daniel Blake

## Merritt Birnbaum Alex Rich Ariella Bar-Nissim Elizabeth A. Srok

## Wake Up, Matt!

Sarah - Chelsey Schneider Amy - Stephanie Obodda Matt - John Levy Doogle - Jason Klein Jeff - David Haskell Chris - Joey Diamond

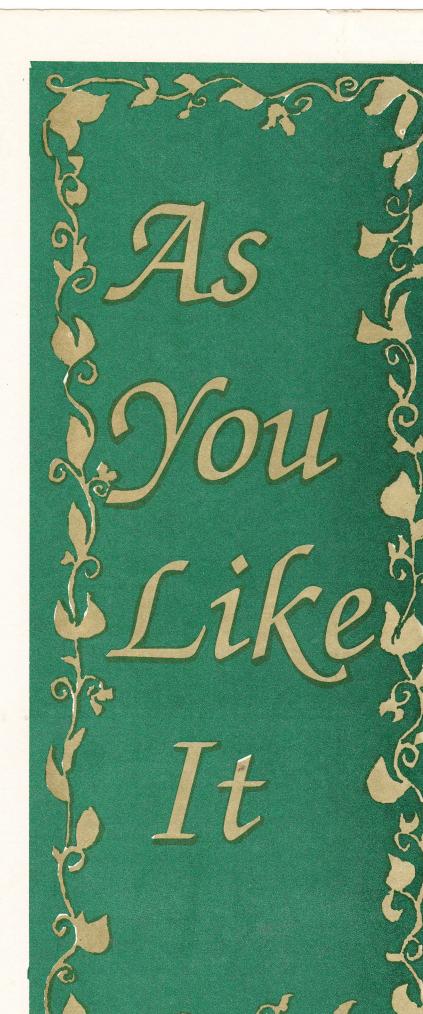
## Scene Change Ian Schleifer Becky Drysdale Abe Goldfarb

## Special Thanks

Erica Babad, Maurice Mizrahi,
Mike for his inspiration, the Blue
Squirrel, Marilyn Budd, Jeff Turner,
Steve Ansell, Joelle Ré Arp,
Jesse Bonderman, Joelle Yudin,
Jackie Weiss, Jen Ballin,
Rebecca Weinberger, the office,
Ernst, Alyson Steel, the Pub shop,
Lizzie Sroka, Batik, Chelsea,
Chris Dicke and the kitchen, The
Adeles, Eaves-Brooks Costumes,
Michelle Sholzberg, everyone who
ran lines with the cast,
Alex Saltzman, Silkscreen,
and Fred the Fish



BUCK'S ROCK CAMP NEW MILFORD, CT 06776



## As You Like It

By William Shakespeare Directed by Rose Bonczek Assistant Directed by Marisa Ross Stage Managed by Gina Hirsch

## Cast

(in order of appearance)

Orlando - Eric Hirsch Adele - Merritt Birnbaum Oliver - Amos Kenigsberg Dennis, Lord 1, Sir Oliver Martext - Mike Roth Charles - Ed Budd Rosalind - Sarah Hirshan Celia - Serena Silver Touchstone - David Hanlon Le Beau - Eva Tsuk Duke Frederick - Elizabeth Nickrenz Lord 2. Amiens - Marcie Silver Duke Senior - Matt Velick Corin - Eve Kagan Silvius - Abe Goldfarb Jaques - Emily Ryan Lerner Audrey - Gina Hirsch Phebe - Marisa Kurtzman Jaques de Boys - Jon Levy

Note: During the time that As You Like It was written (1600), all female roles were portrayed by young men (women were not allowed to take the stage until the 1700's). We have explored this idea in a different manner, by casting women in parts origi-

Costumes Designed by
Janine Chisholm
Costume Crew - Anna Giddings,
Helen McInnes,
Rebecca Weinberger,
Marisa Kurtzman, Sophia Dedes,
Philippa Virden, Barbara Janovsky

Set Designed by Rich Dunham
Set Construction Michael Venning, Matt Smith,
Emma Lunt, Julie Dobson,
Andrew Mirsky

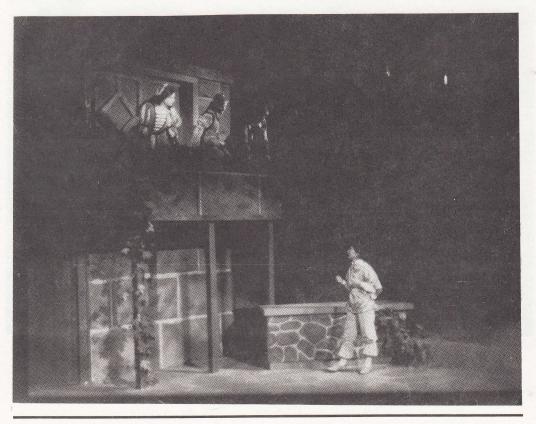
Light Designers - Mike Sells,
Dan Bridge
Lighting Board Operator Brett Kizner
Sound Designers - Adam Berson,
Adam Segal, Eff Henriquez
Sound Board Operator - Jordan Eber
LSD Crew - Karen Wood,
Kath Willding, Matt Smith,
Dave Kraft, Jeremy Getz,
Adam Detsky, Jordan Eber,
Brett Kizner, Alan Cox

Wrestling Choreography -Steve Ansell

Running Crew -Rebecca Weinberger

> "My love shall, in my verse, ever live young." Sonnet 19

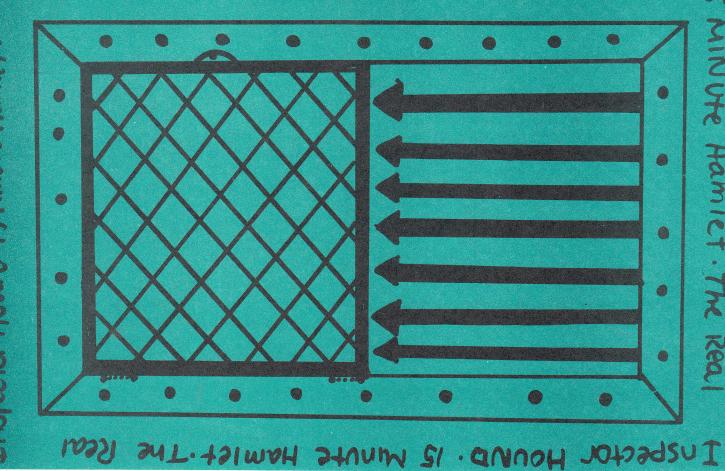
## As You Like It



Rose Bonczek



## 15 Minute Hamlet. The Real Inspector Hound.





K'S ROCK CAMP · NEW MILFORD, CT 06776

# Fifteen Minute Hamlet

Shakespeare/Claudius- Matt Haiken
Francisco/Gravedigger/Fortenbras- Marc Mayer
Marcellus/Osric/Ghost- Adam Detsky
Gertrude- Amanda Lipitz
Hamlet- Owen Lewis
Horatio- John Levy
Polonius/Laertes- Joe Zeltzer
Ophelia- Caitlin Moon

# The Real Inspector Hounc

Moon- David Gilbert
Birdboot- Abe Goldfarb
Mrs. Drudge- Susanna Goldfinger
Radio Announcer- C.C. Gallagher
Simon Gascoyne- David Iserson
Cynthia- Marisa Escolar
Felicity- Jennifer Holmes
Magnus- Michael Copeland
Hound- Stefan Bondell

Directed by Jeff Turner Assistant Director: Jackie Weiss Stage Manager: Joelle Yudin

## The Crew:

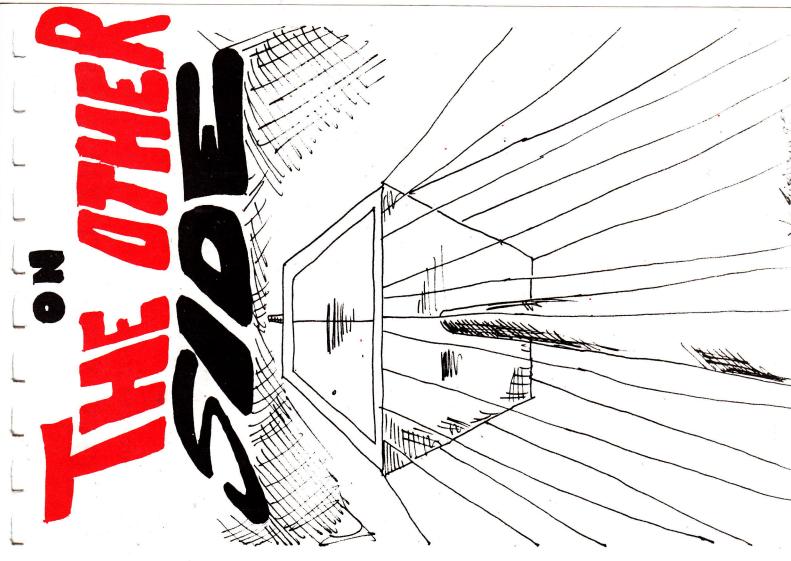
Set Design- Julie Dobson, Emma Lunt,
Mike Venning
Light Design- Mike Sells
Sound Design- Eff Henriquez
LSD Crew- Karen Wood
Iordan Eber

Jordan Eber David Kraft Adam Detsky Adam Segal Adam Berson Jeremy Getz Kath Willding Dan Bridge

Costume Design- Anna Giddings, Helen McInnes Costume Crew- Barbara Janovsky Janine Chisholm Nafisa Shaikh Anna Giddings Phillippa Virden

## Special Thanks:

Rose Bonczek, Steve Ansell, Joelle Re Arp, Rich Dunham, Jesse Bonderman, Marisa Ross, Marisa Kurtzman, Serena Silver, Gina Hirsch, Clowning, Video, Pub, Fencing, Photo, Tennis, The Pool, The Office, The Directors, Ernst, Pam Dicke, Becky Drysdale, Erika Blumberg, Fred The Fish.



SONS SONS

K'S ROCK · NEW MILFORD CT · 06776